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CHRONICLE.

The Vice-
royalty of
India.

IT was announced on Thursday that the QUEEN had approved the appointment of Lord ELGIN to the Viceroyalty of India. Two political speeches of interest were made on Monday night—Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL speaking after his fashion at Huddersfield, and Mr. COURTNEY after his at Fowey. Ireland was much occupied at the end of last week and the beginning of this by celebrations of the anniversary of Mr. PARNELL's death; celebrations which appear to have annoyed the Anti-Parnellites considerably, and which certainly seem to show that "Nationalist" sentiment is not exactly in accordance with Nationalist representation.

Sir JOHN GORST addressed a meeting of the unemployed at Shoreditch on Tuesday, and was rather noisily received.

On Wednesday Mr. GOSCHEN spoke at Hartlepool, and exposed the present tactics of the Government in dropping Home Rule for something more popular.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. This day week it was announced that a Matabele impi had actually attacked, not the Company's troops in Mashonaland, but the Bechuanaland Police, a fine body of mounted rifles, who defend that country on LOBENGULA's southern border. It seems to have been a very slight skirmish, but may well have been the precursor of more. The police, with the aid of KHAMA's well-armed and trustworthy followers, between whom and the Matabele it has long been war to the knife, can give a very good account of the invaders, and the attack must remove any doubt that there may have been as to vigorous resistance elsewhere. Lord ROSEBERY gave some interesting information to the Aborigines' Protection Society as to the steps taken and to be taken to make the Soudanese troops in Uganda an advantage, instead of a danger, to the country. The FOREIGN SECRETARY, it is to be hoped, next directed his attention to a letter of Lord DUDLEY'S, positively reaffirming, on the authority of an officer of the *Pallas*, that that ship and her consorts had been ordered out of the way at Bangkok by the French Admiral, and had complied. This, it will be remembered, was officially denied at the time. The Germans were crowing a little at the non-participation of their own ships in the abortive and rather undignified attempt to stop the

bombardment of Rio. *PALLAS*, the Spanish Anarchist, had been shot at Monjuich.

It was reported on Monday morning that the whole (disposable) force of the British South Africa Company at Forts Victoria and Charter, amounting to some eight hundred men, mostly mounted, and provided with machine-guns, had taken the field against the Matabele, that the Beira Railway was opened to within 250 miles of Fort Salisbury this day week, and that Mr. CECIL RHODES had arrived at that station. Sir MORTIMER DURAND had been formally introduced to the AMEER at Cabul. At Rio, the new batteries having been dismantled, the fleet had become peaceful in its turn—at least so it was said. News from this quarter has been far too untrustworthy to be received with any confidence; though, as this purports to come from the officer in command of the United States ships there, it may be worth more attention. Of European news there was not much. In the "incident" to which we referred some time ago between Greece and Bulgaria (Bulgarian sentinels having fired on a Greek crew in the Danube), Prince FERDINAND'S Government had refused satisfaction. Prince BISMARCK had been safely moved from Kissingen to Friedrichsruh; but the newspaper war about him was as hot as ever.

The foreign news of Tuesday morning was rather unimportant, movements, but no action, being reported from Mashonaland, and nothing of the first interest from other quarters. M. DE LESSEPS, however, was declared to be lying hopelessly ill.

Wednesday morning was again quiet, if not blank. It was announced that the whole of the forces on the Matabele border were intended to concentrate and act together on Bulawayo—a plan in which advantages, and also drawbacks, may be perceived. M. DE LESSEPS was better; Marshal McMAHON, who had also been taken ill, not so. Some excitement, however, appeared to have been produced by the introduction in (of all places in the world) Austria of a Ministerial Reform Bill, which, by dint of a large number of fancy franchises, practically creates Universal Suffrage. The blessings of that institution in the countries where it, or something like it, prevails are, of course, undeniable and undenied. The Belgian coal strike had come to an end.

On Thursday there was reported great uproar in the Austrian press over Count TAAFFE'S Reform Scheme. The French were on the eve of taking the Russian fleet

to their arms ; and in Brazil the Admiral and the President were busy bombarding each other, not merely with missiles, but with manifestoes. From South Africa there was no definite news except further details of the arrangements for, as Mr. CECIL RHODES put it, "subduing the Matabele and having the campaign over in a month." Mr. RHODES is a very clever man, but there is a text about putting on and taking off your armour.

Yesterday morning furnished chiefly the news that Senator ALLEN of Nebraska, in the continuous sitting on the Silver Bill, had spoken, or at least held the floor, for fifteen mortal hours, thus beating the best Irish record, and winning, it may be, an everlasting name.

The University. At the end of last week the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, and at the beginning of this his brother of Oxford, gave accounts of their year's stewardship. Dr. PEILE had to chronicle the "perpetual want of pence," the attempt to compromise with the town on the Spinning-house matter, and divers minor things ; Dr. BOYD to read telegrams from the QUEEN and the PRINCE OF WALES in reference to Mr. JOWETT's death, to perstringe a little Mr. GLADSTONE's celebrated lecture, and to express a hope (in which we cordially join), though the report of the speech before us is too brief for us to be certain to what it refers, "that the University would retain at least in Oxford some degree of dignified self-possession." Indeed there are few better things, whether for Universities or for men, than self-possession, and nowadays not many rarer.

The Church Congress. The last day of the Church Congress saw several discussions, in one of which some interesting, but rather gruesome, experiments in interment were detailed by Dr. G. V. POORE, while another turned on the subject of the Church and the Press. The latter, as might have been expected, was praiseworthy but somewhat vague, and left us in doubt whether all "high-toned" newspapers (to use the word dear to Americans and Mr. GLADSTONE) ought to keep a clerical censor in a back room or not. Occasion being taken to comment on the recent reception of M. ZOLA, the Headmaster of Harrow (unless misreported) permitted himself to call M. ZOLA "infamous." As we ourselves have never failed to treat M. ZOLA's faults with the severity they deserve, and as we also pointed out certain incongruities in his recent apotheosis in England by an, on the whole, rather mixed body of persons, we may claim the liberty of observing that such an adjective is utterly out of place, and never ought to have crossed Dr. WELDON'S lips. A man who wrote as M. ZOLA has written with the object of increasing the circulation of his books would be infamous ; but no one who has studied M. ZOLA'S own career can dream of any such motive on his part. He is the victim of a strong mind, a fixed idea, a bad literary standard and atmosphere, and a total absence of either natural or acquired taste. To be this is certainly unfortunate ; it is, perhaps, to be disgusting ; but it is not to be infamous.

Conferences. The present has been a great week for conferences. Independently of a batch of the Diocesan kind, Congregationalists, photographers, lawyers (both such of them as attend to that very slippery branch of their art called the Law of Nations at Guildhall and the Incorporated Law Society at Manchester) have all met in Congress. Besides these, the University of Oxford has held a conference on Secondary Education, which was attended by representatives of her sister, Cambridge, of the minor Universities, and of schools of all kinds. We looked with some interest to see whether any bold man would bell the cat and move "That Secondary Education has increased, is increasing, and ought to be

"diminished," and we confess to a pleased surprise when we found that the Headmaster of Marlborough had actually gone near to it. For he urged the harm (to which we ourselves have repeatedly drawn attention) caused by the present insane fashion of turning out shoals of persons, with a higher school and university education, for whom there is absolutely no opening in the ways for which they are fitted, and who are unfitted for others. The remaining speeches and papers, though sometimes by distinguished persons, were less actual, though a voice from the grave, that of Mr. JOWETT, suggested that men should be allowed to compete for University prizes and honours without any residence at all. *Il ne fallait que ça.*

The Coal Strike. Demonstrations were again held last Sunday in London by somebody or other in favour of the miners, and Mr. TOM MANN took occasion of them to purge himself of all suspicion of being clerical by violent language about royalty-mongers and by a plan for effecting the naturalization of mines and land alike by a general strike. This is probably not the same Mr. TOM MANN who is reported in the same papers as having pronounced an eloquent discourse on the "cancer of self," and the necessity of expelling it. Or is the self of strikers not selfish ? It was rumoured at the beginning of this week that the Government intended to meddle in the Coal Strike—a thing gravely mischievous, but not on that account at all impossible.

The Mayors' meeting took place at Sheffield on Monday, and after a private conference between masters and men had proved as fruitless as ever, the municipal dignitaries made their propositions, which were three—Resumption at once at the old rate, a reduction of ten per cent. at the end of six weeks, and the formation of a permanent Conciliation Board. These the adversaries separated to consider.

But the proposals were not at first received with enthusiasm on either side. The masters met next day and put out a counter-demand for a 15 per cent. reduction at once, and certain spokesmen of the men vapoured about no reduction at all. But it was announced that there was a not inconsiderable, though scattered, opening of pits at the Sheffield terms.

Thursday's news was again complicated and obscure, masters and men in different parts of the country being at cross purposes with each other and their own fellows elsewhere, and no general understanding having been arrived at.

Officially, at least, both parties continued to harden their hearts, according to the news of Friday, the Miners' Federation having again at Birmingham declared that no reduction is necessary, and the owners sticking out for 15 per cent. ; but coal was coming in much more freely, and prices showed signs of dropping.

The Times' Correspondent with the Volunteers. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE had been talking of him at Edinburgh ; but the warranty did not seem much stronger than that given in parallel case by one SCRUB of famous memory. As it happened, the Duke had an opportunity of referring to the subject at the Mansion House, on the night of this day week, when a dinner was given on the occasion of the Elcho Shield being handed over to the custody of the LORD MAYOR. He took the very sensible line of admitting what nobody denies—that there are shortcomings in the Volunteers—but urging, in the first place, that it is absurd to set up a hard-and-fast standard for them and for the Line, and unreasonable to nag at them for falling short thereof. As some Radical journalists and other wise-acres are wont to dismiss the Commander-in-Chief as a person of no military authority, it may be interesting to observe that Lord ROBERTS, speaking on the same day and subject at Bristol, used words which might almost have been arranged beforehand

as an echo of the Duke's on this head. Lord ROBERTS, however, added the opinion that every Englishman ought to go through a course of military training; nor have we any objection.

Correspondence. The astonishing readiness with which a large number of persons will read about books, write about books, and do anything but study the books themselves, has been shown this week by a correspondence in which various persons, some of whom might have been expected to know better, solemnly discussed the question whether the not very brilliant verses whose burden is "Riflemen, form," were written by TUPPER or TRENCH. Of course, everybody who does know knew perfectly well that they were the late Laureate's. Of course, as some timid one at last ventured to point out, they had not long ago been republished in his own works, by a poet who was not wont to steal other men's feathers. But this did not matter.

The America Cap. The ill luck in not winning which had visited the *Valkyrie* on Thursday week was constant to her last Saturday, when the race was resailed, and she lost by about six minutes, deducting time allowance.

Nor sang they in the English boat a holy and a cheerful note on Monday in the second race, which was sailed over a triangular course, ten miles each side. The *Valkyrie*, indeed, drew a little ahead at first; but afterwards she was rapidly overhauled, and on all the three sides of the triangle, with a fair and latterly a fresh breeze blowing, was outsailed by the *Vigilant*, which won by about ten minutes. This was annoying, but not altogether unexpected; nor does it in the least justify the outcries which have already been raised over the supposed inferiority of English yacht-building *per se*. The *Valkyrie* is built to cross seas, and has crossed them; while nothing like such an example was made of her in foreign waters after the crossing as was made of the *Navahoe* in England. All that these two races prove is that for their own coast waters, sacrificing everything to the mere ability to hold up a big sail-spread in moderate winds and seas, and not exposing their boats to real seafaring, the Americans have hit upon a type of centreboard yacht which will outsail our keeled sea-going craft.

The third race was started on Wednesday, but the light airs and the limitation of time together made it abortive, like the first, in last week.

Racing. After a good deal of second-class racing, the Kempton Park Meeting on Friday and Saturday in last week provided two valuable and (which is not now necessarily the same thing) interesting races. The earlier, the Breeders' Produce Stakes, was for two-year-olds; the field including, if not the very best youngsters of the season, some who had done very well, and a dark horse much thought of—Lord DURHAM'S Son o' Mine. This last did not win, but he ran the winner, Lord ALINGTON'S Matchbox, to a neck, and, with a little more luck, would probably have been first. The Duke of York Stakes next day, for older horses, brought out a very good company, and Sir WILLIAM THROCKMORTON'S Avington, running very well, though with great advantage in the weights, won from Cereza and Llanthony, with half a dozen others of much more than average quality behind them.

On Sunday a race of considerable value was run at Longchamps, in which one English horse, and that a good one, Buccaneer, contended, though more had been hoped for. Buccaneer however did not justify his backers, and the race fell to Callistrate, who may be heard of in England itself again.

Although none of the most important events of the Newmarket Second October Meeting fell on the first day, Tuesday, the Clearwell Stakes and the Champion Stakes excited some interest, and all the racing was

good. Both the events just named came to Baron DE ROTHSCHILD, the Clearwell falling to La Nièvre, whom Galloping Dick might possibly have beaten if he had chosen, and the Champion to Le Nicham. In the opening event, the Royal Stakes, Raeburn had a match with Masque, to whom he gave ten pounds and a very easy beating. Mr. McCALMONT'S Be Cannie carried off the Second October Nursery from a good field and in a good race.

Although there were no very good horses engaged in the Cesarewitch on Wednesday, there were several so nearly equal on public form that the race was looked forward to with interest of one kind, while the actual result made it extremely interesting to those who like racing for racing's sake. Nearly a score started; and though nowadays long-distance races (our fathers would not have thought two miles and a quarter a long distance, but it is one now) are apt to end hollow, the result was a dead heat, fought out from the dip home in the most desperate manner, between Red Eyes (whose success had been generally thought most likely) and Cypria, who started at 66 to 1. The heat was not run off, and the pair divided.

On Thursday the chief interest in the Middle Park Plate concerned the extent to which Lord ROSEBERY'S Ladas would justify the heavy odds laid on him. He won as he liked; and might, apparently, have won by as much more as he liked. La Flèche and Le Nicham were thought to be not unfairly matched for the Lowther Stakes; but La Flèche did what she pleased with the race. Of the other events, the Challenge Plate, in which Dame President won a good, but by no means a hollow, victory was the most interesting.

Miscellaneous. This day week the Duke and Duchess of YORK received the wedding gifts of the City of London, and other persons and bodies. On Monday morning they accompanied the PRINCE OF WALES to open two popular institutions in South London, at Peckham and Camberwell; whence the Duke and Duchess, without the Prince, proceeded to Poplar, and there laid the first stone of some new buildings for the Seamen's Mission.—The funeral of the late Master of Balliol was performed yesterday week with a great assistance, not merely of distinguished persons of the deceased's own University, but of representatives of Cambridge and of the non-academic world.—On the same day was held the Colchester Oyster Feast, at which the Duke of CAMBRIDGE attended, and ten thousand natives disappeared. This, to the person of modest purse, at the present quotation of oysters, may seem irritating and almost sinful; but let him comfort himself with the opinion of the faculty that oysters, if not a choleric (as PETRUCHIO'S advisers had it), are a very choleric food at the present moment. It is, after all, a comfortable fruit, is the sour grape.—In distributing the prizes at Mason College, Birmingham, on Monday, Professor JEBB gave a very interesting review of the history of classical studies in England.

Obituary. The death of Mr. FORD MADOX BROWN, coming so soon after that of Mr. ALBERT MOORE, inflicts another heavy loss on English art. Mr. MADOX BROWN was a much older man than Mr. MOORE, and like him was no favourite with official circles; but he belonged to a very different school, having been from the first a somewhat outlying and independent member of the Prae-Raphaelite movement. Even those, however, who were most well inclined to Prae-Raphaelitism were not always whole-souled about this artist. For his great romantic faculty and leaning towards the decorative grandiose in art (the best examples being his famous Manchester frescoes) were not accompanied in quite equal degree with technical mastery or with effects of beauty.—Sir WILLIAM SMITH, editor of the *Quarterly Review* and of a vast number of publications,

the mightiest of which were the well-known *Smith's Classical Dictionaries*, was one of those lucky men who early fall upon the work they were born to do, and continue doing it to the end of long, but not inordinate, lives with sufficient praise and pudding. Dr. SMITH, as he was till last year, was perhaps never thought of as exactly a man of letters, though he must have written as well as edited a great deal. He was rather what CARLYLE called "a captain of industry" in literature, a regimenter of other workers, and an organizer of their work. And it must be admitted that this organization was for the most part remarkably well done.—General von KAMEKE was one of the best known Prussian generals in the war of 1870.

The Theatre. The new opera, *Utopia (Limited)*, the first in which Mr. GILBERT and Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN have worked together for some years, was produced at the Savoy with very great success this day week.

Books. From another abundant batch of books we may select, besides Mr. LELAND'S *Memoirs*, noticed fully elsewhere, those of EDWARD ADOLPHUS Duke of SOMERSET, by W. H. MALLOCK and Lady GUENDOLEN RAMSDEN (BENTLEY), a not too voluminous notice of a man of high position and much ability, who somehow just missed greatness; a very beautiful new issue of *Vathek*, edited by Dr. GARNETT (LAWRENCE & BULLEN); the Aldine *Wordsworth* (BELL), which in the large-paper form makes a desirable set; and the *Diary of Colonel Peter Hawker*, edited by Sir RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY, probably the most competent person (LONGMANS). For practical use to the politician a handsome volume containing the publications of the Irish Unionist Alliance from the beginning of 1891 will be valuable, and will supply ammunition for the contest which, though there is something of an armistice for the moment, is not yet over.

CASSANDRA IN CONFERENCE.

WE do not know whether Tuesday, the 10th of October, will be an epoch-making day in the History of English Education—you never can tell epochs till they are past—but it ought to be. In a Conference on Secondary Education held at Oxford, and under the auspices of the University, before masters and pastors, doctors and proctors, all or most of them deeply pledged to the modern cant of Education, and perhaps not a few of them deeply interested in its continuance, the Head of one of the largest, if not the oldest, of what the hideous modern jargon calls "first-grade" schools in England arose and spoke Truth. Not, let us hasten to assure the learned and reverend persons who also spoke, that we suspect them in the least of speaking what they knew to be other than truth; not that many of them did not speak plenty of truth of a kind. But, then, this was only the kind of truth that they had met to speak. They had met to bless Education, and scheme for more of it. They had met expecting at least to meet the VICE-PRESIDENT of the COUNCIL, who is at present engaged in translating "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death" in a spirit very germane to that of the originators of the phrase into "Compulsion, Universality, Secularization, or Ruin" in matters educational as far as he can. They were to hear some posthumous words of the late Mr. JOWETT'S, in which (perhaps in that curious mood of ironic "Après moi le déluge" which was not infrequent with him) he advocated the removal of the very last condition, that of residence, which gives an English University education its value. And in the middle of them all uprose CASSANDRA, otherwise Canon BELL, Headmaster of Marlborough,

and told them the facts—the facts that "the number of young men now obtaining a University education had risen far above the number of professional careers open to them," and that "nothing ought to be done to stimulate further the supply of such secondary education as was preparatory for professional life." CASSANDRA came to Conference truly; if not also DANIEL (in even a more alarming sense than SHYLOCK'S) came to judgment. For if ever Mene Tekel was written on the wall by the words of a speaker at a public meeting, these words of Dr. BELL'S wrote it there and then.

No great notice seems to have been taken of this by the other speakers, and, perhaps, even Canon BELL himself was a little afraid of his own audacity. For the insertion of the word "professional" is either superfluous or misleading. The crime, the blunder, and the danger of the present system lie in the fact that the number of young men now turned out under secondary school and University education is enormously above the number of careers of any kind, professional or other, which are open to them, and for which they are fitted. They have rebounded from the choked professions into the "vocations and employments," to use the language of those Income-tax papers, which few of them are ever likely to receive, or to receive without groans. They have choked these and rebounded from them also. Unless they follow the example of one COMBERBATCH, private of horse, and enlist, no one knows what will become of them, and, indeed, there is something to be said for that course. But we have no mercy on them or on ourselves. Every year we turn on an additional surplus of candidates to choke a growing deficit of places. But we don't care. From the highest to the lowest wheel of the educational machine, everything is arranged to supply more and more persons with an education which diminishes metaphysically in value as it is more widely communicated, and which physically unfit their minds and bodies for more and more branches of useful and honourable labour. Men of the type of Mr. ACLAND are more and more screwing up the standard of Board School education, and endeavouring to vulgarize that which is a little above the Board School. It was *vix et ne vix quidem* that the Charity Commissioners the other day were prevented from flooding one of the great old public schools with poor scholars-to-be, for whom, contrary to the custom of our wiser and kindlier ancestors, no means of subsequent subsistence would have been provided; and the proudest hope of the average School Board member is to turn out more or fewer boys educated up to the standard of an inferior grammar school. The inferior grammar schools have for many years past been handled in a way tending to the same result. All, or most, of their endowments have been squandered on buildings, making it necessary to lower fees, and thereby attract more and more boys, so as to pay the masters and keep the thing going. In the intermediate schools the same process leads to the multiplication of boarding-houses (with "house scholarships" and other baits), that the masters may pay themselves by hotel-keeping for the absence of endowment. In the highest grade of schools the same thing works, but in a rather different way and, as yet, less flagrantly. The Universities are, perhaps, the worst offenders of all. It is true that the successive Commissions have forced much of the mischief on them, but they have made more for themselves. Married fellowships and lay fellowships, the absorption of fellowships into professorships, and the system of making their tenure dependent on college work, perhaps began the evil; but the aggravation of it must be put down to the indirect results of these changes. There must be more undergraduates to make up, in lecturing and tutoring

fees, the wants of the married Fellow, and those of the lay Fellow who cannot take a living, and those of the man who will lose his fellowship if he has no pupils. And the more undergraduates make in their turn more mouths for the manna which does not drop in increased quantities unless there are more undergraduates still.

CASSANDRA did no good; it is not written that DANIEL in that particular instance did much; and we dare say Canon BELL will do but little, even if he meant his own words to the full extent in which they possess meaning and, what is more, truth. But it is something that the voice should have been lifted among those who were shouting "Great is DIANA of the "Educationists!" in that very temple of ARTEMIS BRAURONIA, the goddess who delights not in scouring boys as she used to do—harmlessly enough, for the most part—but in bringing them up to taste the delights of life and thought, and then turning them out to starve and eat their hearts. Even from the point of view of those who think that "the career open to "talents" settles everything, we believe that the thing is an utter mistake—that a really clever boy in even very low classes had a better chance of rising under the old system of limitation and patronage than under the new of competition and crowd. And, as we have again and again urged, there is an entirely different side to the question, and one of not less real importance—the lowered virtue and value of learning even in those who are not exposed to these dangers as a result of its vulgarization. But that is not, perhaps, likely to appeal very much to the kind of public opinion prevalent at this—or at any—time. What the people of England may possibly be brought to see is, that it is no use multiplying costly machinery to turn out razors when you want spades; that blunted razors make the very worst spades in the world; that there is only a limited quantity of human steel that will make good human razors, and only a limited quantity of human razors wanted at all; and that, when you turn out more, the process is horribly cruel ethically, recklessly wasteful economically, and, from the point of view of all rational politics, supremely unwise.

THE WELSH LAND COMMISSION. ■■■

AMONG the many valuable political legacies which a history will one day have to record as the bequest of Mr. GLADSTONE to his countrymen is that of the "New" Commission of Inquiry. It is quite a different thing from the old variety, as it existed before Mr. GLADSTONE took the institution in hand. In those backward days it was considered necessary before advising the Sovereign to appoint certain "trusty and well-beloved subjects" to investigate the merits of a particular question, that the existence of a question to be investigated should be *prima facie* established. Invention, however, begotten of that political Necessity which has proved so singularly prolific during the later years of Mr. GLADSTONE's life, has guided him to a brilliant development of the old system. It is that of appointing a Commission to inquire into the question whether there is a Question to inquire into. To a Prime Minister with followers who demand an inquiry into a Question which is not known to exist, and threaten him with the withdrawal of indispensable votes if their demand is not conceded, the New Commission of Inquiry is an instrument of inestimable value. It is by means of it that Mr. GLADSTONE has been enabled for several months past to "keep "sweet" a considerable number of Welsh Radicals, lay and clerical, who might otherwise have been exerting a very disturbing influence on his Welsh Parliamentary supporters. Had he been obliged to tell the applicants for an inquiry into "the Welsh Land Question"

(meaning thereby the sufferings and discontent of the Welsh tenant-farmer under the unjust exactions of his landlord) that he was not aware that any such "question" existed, or that Welsh tenants had any more to complain of on the part of their landlords than their English brethren, he would, of course, have given mortal offence. On the other hand, to have broadly admitted the affirmative of this proposition would have been too dangerous from the controversial point of view. And from between the flint and steel of these two difficulties flashed that blinding spark of political ingenuity—the appointment of a Welsh Land Commission to inquire into the question whether there was or was not a Welsh Land Question for them to investigate.

It was a beautiful specimen of Gladstonian compromise. That is to say, it enabled Mr. GLADSTONE to evade the responsibility of declaring in his own name that the Welsh tenant has grievances against his landlord; while, on the other hand, it was quite "good enough" for the Welsh Nonconformist minister. To this energetic personage it is a matter of quite minor importance whether a Commission says to the Welsh tenant, "We know that you are discontented. What specific complaint have you to make?" or, "We don't know that you are discontented; but now you come to think of it, are you?" The Welsh Nonconformist minister may be confidently trusted to take care that the Welsh tenant, when he comes to think of it, should be discontented, or, at any rate, that he should say so; and there are many signs that he has been busy in this noble work ever since the Commission commenced its sittings. It is through his devoted efforts that Welsh farmers hitherto ignobly acquiescent in their lot have been induced to come before the Commission, and testify to their dissatisfaction with it; while the names of others "who did not personally desire to give evidence against their landlords" have been methodically inserted in the list of witnesses without their knowledge. To get others who displayed an unworthy tardiness in discerning the wrongs under which they groan, but who at the same time sought "promotion in their chapels," it has been pointed out that their spiritual pastors could not think of promoting any one so mean-spirited as to feel content with his position, and to have no grievance against his landlord; and this reminder has, it seems, in numerous instances attained its object.

Nevertheless, there are some carping critics who insist—just for all the world as though they were administering bankruptcy law—on taking account of "value" as well as "number" in dealing with the witnesses who have appeared before the Commission. One of these critics—himself, he declares, a Welshman, and writing in the *Times* with an insidious assumption of impartiality—has gone so far as to speak slightly of the evidence which the good Welsh Dissenting minister has been at such pains to collect. He declares that only two large tenant farmers have been induced to come forward; that the class of occupier in general has throughout been most inadequately represented; and (emboldened at last to still rounder assertions) that "nothing is more conspicuous than the indifference of the great body of farmers to the whole inquiry." The Welsh agitators, it seems, account for this by saying that "they are in a paralytic state of fear"; but this explanation is indignantly repudiated by the correspondent from whom we quote. He appears to regard it as an even more disgraceful imputation on the tenant than upon his landlord; and, indeed, it cannot be agreeable, we should think, to the class of whose sturdy independence we have heard so much. Many of those who have come forward are admittedly the abject tools of their minister; and, if those who hang back are, as that minister

contends, the spiritless slaves of their landlords, we get a picture of "Gallant little Wales" which no one but a Welshman would have ventured to draw. Still, the fact, we suppose, remains, and indeed stands confessed in the very efforts made by the local Radicals to explain it away, that the men who must be most concerned in bringing the Welsh Land question—if there is such a question—before the Commission are precisely those whom it is found impossible to bring up to the scratch. The large farmer has declined, as we see, in all but two instances to put in an appearance, and those who are getting up the case against the landlord have had to do the best they can without him. On the whole, their efforts have been very creditable to them. The *personnel* of their witnesses is described, on the authority already cited, as consisting of "many small farmers, " a very few labourers, a market-gardener, a sometime "estate carpenter, and—a bard." The imaginative element seems to have been so well provided for that the services of this last witness might well, perhaps, have been dispensed with. Still, there may have been parts of the subject to which even the inspiration of the market gardener and the "sometime estate " carpenter" was inadequate to do justice; and in any case he adds variety to a list which, considering that all the rest of it apparently consisted of Nonconformist ministers, might otherwise perhaps have presented an aspect of a somewhat monotonous uniformity.

To get witnesses to come forward, however, is only half the battle in a case of this kind. The other, and perhaps the more important, half is to insure their giving the right sort of evidence. And this is obviously no such easy matter in the case of men who seem to have required such an energetic application of the whip as has been undergone by these victims of the tyranny of the landlord. It would have been sadly disappointing if any of them had insisted in playing the part of BALAAM to the BALAK of their spiritual pastor, and with the landlords cast for the *rôle* of the Israelites. A good deal of management was, we dare say, necessary to insure their depositing to the proper fact, and in this part of the business the efforts of the Nonconformist minister appear to have been ably seconded by the local agent for the Liberal Association. To the organizing genius of this last is due the happy thought of instituting a preliminary interrogation of the Welsh-speaking witnesses in a "side-room": an interrogation, too, so judicially complete that the Commission have deemed it unnecessary to hold any subsequent examination-in-chief of the witnesses in open court, and at the same time so remarkable in its educational effects that their written statements prove capable of being rendered into "English of considerable literary merit." It is true that one commentator on this last fact condescends to the malignant insinuation that the statements were, "on the face of them, " prepared by the agent of the Liberal Association"; but there are people who will say anything.

On the whole, it would appear that the work of the Commission is making excellent progress; and we shall be surprised if their Report does not show that they have at one and the same time demonstrated the existence of a subject for inquiry and thoroughly inquired into it.

TO OBLIGE MR. GLADSTONE.

A FEW words may be expected on the happy event which has put an end to Mr. GLADSTONE's troubles in the way of getting some one to accept the greatest employment open to any subject in any kingdom or empire in the world. Lord ELGIN has kindly consented to take pity on his party and his leader, and not to reduce the latter to the painful necessity of going about and saying, like the personage who bought

DAVID COPPERFIELD's waistcoat, "Oh, goroo! goroo! " "will you go for *twopence* more?" He has consented to go—it may be presumed without the twopence more—and to take the post which Sir HENRY NORMAN accepted, and then decided to throw up, which Lord CROMER would not look at, and which, unless Rumour lies beyond her wont, almost every person in the limited Gladstonian ranks who has the slightest repute for combined brains and position has been more or less sounded about taking. It is well. Lord ELGIN is a very respectable person who bears a name of good repute and honourable record in the East, who has passed through the orthodox education of an Englishman, and who has reached the age of forty-four without anything to his detriment, and with some experience as Treasurer of the Household and First Commissioner of Works to his credit. There is no reason why he should not make a very good Viceroy, as Viceroys go; and, since the Government could not get any one else whom they would ask to take it, and would not ask persons who might have been disposed to take it, we may be thankful that things are no worse. For, though the poverty of the list of suitable candidates at Mr. GLADSTONE's disposal was very well known beforehand, and has been exhibited since in a way which should mortify the patriot more than it gratifies the partisan, it may be frankly admitted that his choice of unsuitable candidates was large and varied. With the example of his father to follow, and the example of Lord RIPON to avoid, Lord ELGIN should do very well.

A CHANCE FOR MILLIONAIRES.

THE millionaire is often much pitied by persons who have no more money than they know how to spend. In the last year no less than three novels have been published, all of them allegories of the difficulties of the millionaire, and all turning on the sudden acquisition of gold in vast quantities. To persons who have discovered a treasure, or found out the philosopher's stone, or merely robbed the widow and the orphan in the usual way, we venture to point out a pleasant safety-valve for the escape of some wealth. They will, probably, not be guided by us; they will go on making fountains and public libraries in towns where no mortal ever reads a book or drinks water. They have, however, a chance of doing good in a manner more striking, picturesque, and patriotic. Briefly, they may aid the Hellenic Society in the exploration of Asia Minor. The mere "exploration" may not be very exciting. In the upper valley of the Euphrates "very early monuments" are likely to be very ugly monuments. Hints of history may exist in inscriptions; but perhaps even Professor SAYCE or Mr. BUDGE may find these inscriptions as tough as those of Easter Island. Nor are "remains of the Roman frontier defences" likely to fascinate millionaires who have once cast an eye over the Roman Wall, and who share Mrs. WALTER SCOTT's unsophisticated view of the Catrail. But what the Hellenic Society longs to do, and what is worth doing, is to excavate virgin sites. Of all sports, excavation is the most charming and stimulating. It is like salmon fishing in a river where fish run from the tiny parr to the monster of sixty pounds, and where, when you feel a pluck at the line, you cannot guess what you have got hold of. At any stroke of pick or spade, anything, literally anything, may turn up. The millionaire, if he wishes to enjoy himself, should not only subscribe freely, but go and dig himself. For example, the Society wishes to begin at Lystra. Lystra has "a Bible interest." The Temple of Jupiter, "before the walls," is no common Temple of Jupiter. Here worship was offered to PAUL and BARNABAS, and, for all

we know, there *may* be an inscription on the subject. It is not precisely probable, but there may also be the Temple treasure. The recovery of a Temple treasure would excel the dreams of DUMAS and the joys of MONTE CRISTO. But, putting these big fish aside, there cannot but be inscriptions, pottery, gems, perhaps—coins, we hope—of the highest historical and archaeological interest. A millionaire, like ordinary people, should have a hobby. Let his hobby run away with him in this delightful direction. Lately, it is said, some one has endowed an inquiry into the second sight. This is all very well; but that hobby need run no further than Tiree; there are happy hunting-grounds, and a great herd of black dogs, a collection of visionary coffins. Lystra is further afield, and the coffins must contain the mortuary “plenishing” of many generations. Derbe is not far off; and Derbe, like Lystra, is virgin soil for the antiquarian spade. Sybaris, of course, is more alluring yet; but the Italians seek for Sybaris in vain, whereas the other sites have been identified. At Eyuk, in North-Western Cappadocia, sculptured slabs are visibly sticking out of mounds of *débris*, “stones crying out” to be excavated; but *these* stones are pre-Hellenic. Then there is Tyana, where that mighty Medium of antiquity came from—APOLLONIUS. The mound of SEMIRAMIS there is mentioned by STRABO, and is a certain “draw” for curiosities unexampled. A firman has been asked for, and, if the Sublime Porte is good-natured, nothing but money is needed.

We almost blush in addressing millionaires to mention the trifling sum which is required. A bagatelle of 2,000*l.* is needed, and the Committee of the Hellenic Society appeal to the public. We appeal to the man who will never miss it, who has only to draw a cheque for 2,000*l.*, and who might as easily add another cipher. The monuments range from MIDAS, himself a millionaire, to those of the Seljuk Turks, a company of gallant gentlemen in whose artistic relics we profess a less absorbing interest. With only 750*l.* the diggings at Lystra might begin. In the improbable case of millionaires proving backward, the general public may club its mites, if the general public can only be got to see the desirableness of the proposed excavations.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND MR. REDMOND.

IT is to be inferred from Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL’s insistence in criticism of the details of the Home Rule Bill that he does not believe in the definitive annihilation, even of its latest phase of being, by the vote of the House of Lords. Apparently he is of opinion—or he would not be taking so much pains to beat its mischiefs and infamies into the heads of popular audiences—that it may rise again with “twenty mortal murders,” of Mr. BALFOUR’s, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN’s, and other Unionists’ inflicting, “on its “crown,” and reappear in all the deformity of its original shape. Herein, it is to be noted, Mr. REDMOND does not agree with him, nor even does a more impartial critic of the situation, Mr. COURTNEY. Mr. COURTNEY spoke very doubtfully at Fowey of the time when and the form under which the Home Rule Bill would revisit us, if at all; and Mr. REDMOND, who does not exactly question the fact of its future resurrection, is confident that we have seen the last of it in its original form. The Home Rule Bill of last Session, according to him, is dead; “and the next Home Rule Bill will “undoubtedly be prepared as a compromise on the old “one.” Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, however, may not do amiss in providing against the contingency of a dissolution occurring before Mr. GLADSTONE has an opportunity of taking the step which Mr. REDMOND believes him to be

contemplating. He may *have* to go to the country, whether he likes it or not, with the dead Bill of ’93 fastened round his neck, like the Ancient Mariner’s albatross—shot by other people; and, in view of this possibility, we cannot say that Lord RANDOLPH’s vigorous exposure of the rejected measure was labour thrown away.

But, even in the event of the Home Rule Bill returning from limbo at some future day in all its native monstrosity, we shall have more weapons than this to fight it with—weapons from the armoury of its friends. In his speech at the Dublin Rotunda, the other day, Mr. REDMOND announced that, in the course of the coming month, “Cork, Kilkenny, Kildare, Meath, “Galway, and all the great centres of Irish political “thought,” would be visited, whether by himself or his colleagues he did not say, but at any rate in the interests of the Parnellite propaganda. Unionists can only wish more power to the young man’s elbow, and to those of his fellow-orators. We ask nothing better than that he should go on repeating the speech at the Rotunda until we ask him to stop. He can render no greater service to the cause of the Union than by continuing to “brand as false” the declaration that the Home Rule Bill as it stood was a “full satisfaction of the Irish national demand.” It is true that the primary object of this denunciation is to raise popular feeling in Ireland against Mr. DILLON, and to remind his countrymen that that once-admired leader has gone further than even Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MORLEY themselves, the latter of whom has spoken of the measure as “a compromise between Ireland’s full “demands and what they could give her,” while the former has said that “finality was a discredited word.” This last statement, of course, is habitually adapted to the taste of the Imperial Parliament and the British public by being fitted with the harmless paraphrase that “no legislation can bind the future.” All the greater, therefore, is the need and the value of the much more authoritative gloss which Mr. REDMOND puts upon it. In his mouth, at any rate, it is far from meaning merely that the proposed Gladstonian settlement of the Home Rule question might have at some indefinitely remote date to be reversed. A critic of legislation—even an Irish critic of English legislation—does not talk of the “humiliating restrictions,” the “degrading limitations,” of a proposed legislative settlement which he really only intends to charge with nothing more serious than the offence of partaking of the common lot of all human institutions—a liability to deterioration by lapse of time. What Mr. REDMOND meant, and still more what he very distinctly intended to be understood as meaning, was that the Home Rule Bill was, in his opinion, a niggardly instalment of the debt due from England to Ireland, and that, if it had passed, it would have been the first duty of every true Irish patriot to send in his claim for the balance along with his receipt for the payment on account. It does not much matter whether this and Mr. REDMOND’s further threats of vengeance on the Gladstonians in the event of their carrying out their intention of hanging up the Home Rule Bill for another Session indicate a serious resolve on his part or are merely “to the “address” of the Healyites and their supporters in Ireland. The situation in either case would be an equally destructive commentary on the fatuous or dishonest boasts with which Mr. GLADSTONE’s great measure of reconciliation was sent forth to the world.

THE FELLOWSHIP PORTERS.

THE City of London is still the centre of what is picturesque in London for most people, not Londoners, and its institutions contribute largely to the picturesque element in City history. Yet of such

things the majority of Londoners take no count whatever. There are probably many thousands of Londoners who had never heard of the Fellowship of Porters until within the last three weeks, when the proceedings of what may be called the active members of that venerable body attracted public attention. The London Porters were for centuries a more important class than the London 'prentices, if less famous in the memory of the London of to-day. Their fame, perhaps, is chiefly commemorated by the name of a certain brewage, the fame whereof is now little but a name. The members of the Fellowship of Porters, whose dissolution is now decreed, were an extremely ancient fraternity, and had enjoyed peculiar rights under the Corporation for some five centuries. Their survival to the present day is a curious and interesting illustration of the vitality of City institutions. Other representatives of the calling are known to the City, though none of such respectable establishment. Even strangers and pilgrims in the City must have noted the white garb and badge of office of the Vintners' porters, an important part of whose duties consists of the lowering of the more valuable descriptions of wines in casks to the merchants' cellars—an operation that demands skill and experience, the risk of accidents in which is taken by the Company of Vintners. The work of the Fellowship of Porters was of a more general kind. Their porterage embraced practically the whole business of riverside unloading and carriage in the City. They have a Governor, who is the Alderman of the Ward of Billingsgate; a Deputy-Governor, and three officers known as Rulers, one of whom is appointed by the Porters themselves. They hold Courts from time to time, just as other crafts in the City, and every member contributes of his earnings one-twelfth to the funds of the Society. They may be said to have "held the gorgeous East in fee," not to mention other handlings of the many streams of commerce, and until the last thirty years exercised their monopoly without fear and, it would seem, without reproach.

With the construction of the London Docks, however, other porters arose that knew little, and cared nothing, for the Fellowship, till competition grew apace and Trades Unionism in its wake. The porters of the Dock Company alone absorbed a considerable portion of the business which in the ante-dock days the old Porters would have enjoyed. By degrees the Fellowship of Porters became stranded, as it were, in the changed conditions of its business, and the members, unfortunately, find themselves among the unemployed. Their case, it must be owned, is somewhat hard. When it was determined to dissolve this ancient society, the men had nothing to look to but the distribution of the funds of the Fellowship among the contributing members. Through no fault of their own, their occupation is gone. The new world of porters, as is the way of all who are subjected to Trades Unionism, shows their distressed brothers a relentless front. They are as pitiless towards the fallen old order as any new order may be, and are resolved that no work shall be found for the old Porters within the market controlled by the new. Thus the members of the Fellowship were naturally anxious, since the concern was to be wound up, to realize their respective shares in the property. What they did not realize is that the process of winding-up is by no means so speedy and simple as they would like. Possibly they imagined that the law had nothing to do with such matters, and that all that was needed to effect the desirable distribution of the accumulated fund was to carry a simple resolution to that end. As a protest against delay, the men took possession of the offices of the Society, and occupied them for the space of nearly three weeks. On Tuesday, however, being "Court" day, the Governor, Sir REGINALD

HANSON, came down on the fraternal fold, like the Assyrian in the song, accompanied by the Deputy-Governor, the three "Rulers," and a force of police, and turned the men out. After the business of the Court was completed the evicted Porters, through a deputation, contrived to make known their grievances. As against the Corporation it seems to us that they had reasonable cause for discontent. They complained that the winding-up of the Fellowship should be still unsettled, although the Corporation had agreed to the proposal by resolution as long ago as last March. They urged, also, that some compensation to them should have been provided by the Act passed in 1872 that practically abolished the Fellowship, and they represented that some eighty of their number were at present quite destitute. Sir REGINALD HANSON explained that he and the other executive officers had no power to order a division of the funds. The Corporation only has the power to do this. But why did the Corporation delay so long? And, if the Governor and Rulers of the Fellowship of Porters recommended as long since as last May that the funds should benefit by a grant from the Corporation, how is it that some provisional grant had not been awarded for the relief of the men? Sir REGINALD and the Deputy-Governor are members of the Corporation. They ought to have been able to solve these points; but they did not. However, they have since reconsidered their powers and the urgency of the case, and have ordered a weekly payment of ten shillings from the funds of the Fellowship to each of the distressed men. As the Porters are to be debited with the sums thus advanced when the winding up of the Fellowship is effected, the decision of the executive is but a tardy act of justice. The Corporation may still, if they see fit, assist the funds of the Porters, as suggested last May.

A "HEADER" INTO SPACE.

SO much genuine statesmanship, whether supplied by the EMPEROR, his successive Ministers, or both, has gone to the extraordinarily difficult work of governing Austro-Hungary during the last five-and-twenty years, that no foreign critic but a very rash one would pronounce offhand against the wisdom of Count TAAFFE's Electoral Reform Bill. To say this, however, is certainly to press considerations of respect to their utmost, and to rate the duty of diffidence as high as human nature can stand; for most assuredly no franchise measure could be more difficult to regard as other than revolutionary in its scope, principles, and probable operation. It is not easy to take a nineteenth-century Englishman's breath away by a Reform Bill; but this does it. He has survived, or thinks he has, so reckless a leap in the dark himself, that he is not likely to be too readily startled by a similar feat abroad. But Lord DERBY's familiar metaphor seems to him to fall far short of adequacy in its application to Count TAAFFE's policy, which he would himself be disposed to describe by the more heroic figure of a "header into space." It is calculated to stagger him, however he looks at it, and whether he regards its apparently portended effect in the politico-social equilibrium of the Empire-Kingdom, considered as one common assemblage of subjects of the same monarch, or examines it in its bearing on the inter-racial relations of the congeries of mutually alien peoples by whom that common assemblage of subjects is composed. They may be viewed, in short, to adopt an expression from the English law of the distribution of personality, either *per capita* or *per stirpes*, as affected by this measure; and in both aspects alike it seems to threaten the Austro-Hungarian polity with disruption.

If, on the other hand, we look at the so-called "checks and balances," we find little to assure us that they are any less illusory than we know such things to be by the melancholy experience of our own political history. We hear the usual commonplace about the educational effect of enfranchisement, and of the high desirability, if not imperative necessity, of admitting the unrepresented classes within the pale of the Constitution. But the second of these arguments cannot be any better reason in Austria than in England for admitting the classes in question in such overwhelming numbers as to swamp all other orders in the State; while as to the other old platitude, it contains, if anything, rather less reassurance for any loyal and patriotic subject of the EMPEROR than it does for ourselves. Rather less, we say, because in this country there are certain guarantees of a political stability sufficient to give time for this educational discipline, if effective at all, which is the question, to operate; whereas, in Austria it is the very absence of any such guarantees which constitutes the main difficulty of her rulers. And, lastly, as to the check which Count TAAFFE seeks to impose upon one of the new forces which he is calling into existence, by introducing a system of double election for the rural constituencies, it will probably strike most Englishmen as one of those ingenious pieces of political mechanism which work excellently in the study, but not nearly so well in the polling-book. In theory, no doubt, an electoral college can be more easily made amenable to feudal and clerical influence than the constituents by whom it is elected; but whether practice will be obliging enough to conform itself to theory remains to be seen.

But, of course, the most serious aspect of the new Reform Bill discloses itself only upon a survey of its relations to the vital and all-dominating question of inter-racial equilibrium. That it will depress the German element in the Empire to the point of almost absolute impotence is regarded as certain by those whose perceptions are most likely to be sharpened by their interests—to wit, the German Liberal party; while that it will materially strengthen the centrifugal movements of Particularism we can see for ourselves. To take the representatives of one of these movements alone, it is abundantly clear that, if no other section of the EMPEROR's subjects are gainers by it, the Young Czechs will be; and when we consider its obvious effect upon the position of a party which has hitherto required to be governed by "coercive legislation," the formidable character of the situation becomes at once apparent. Count TAAFFE has been dealing with the Young Czech movement as Mr. BALFOUR dealt for six years with the Separatist-agrarian agitation; and the Austrian Minister now proposes to double the part of Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. GLADSTONE. He has introduced a measure which in form resembles the Household Suffrage Bill of 1867 and a County Franchise Bill of 1884 rolled into one, and is in potentiality equivalent to a Home Rule Bill of 1886 or 1893. Resort to so seemingly desperate a measure as this would seem to show that to the EMPEROR and his Ministers the situation of their State is itself more nearly desperate than the outer world suspects.

MR. HOPWOOD AGAIN.

MR. HOPWOOD, Q.C., is scarcely to be regarded as a master of the ironic method. His latest illustration of the method is curiously complex and involved. Mr. HOPWOOD has been criticizing his critics in a vein of elaborate sarcasm and exuberant irony. The irony of Mr. HOPWOOD is a good deal suggestive of the wild brandishing of cutlass or revolver in

the hand of the inexpert. The weapon is turned against himself. "It is," Mr. HOPWOOD plaintively remarks, "useless for me to lay claim to some years of experience as an M.P." Well, perhaps, such a claim on Mr. HOPWOOD's part is a little superfluous. Still, much may be done in a single Session by a legislator burning to show his capacity. Mr. HOPWOOD has certainly not been inactive. He has thrown out the Pistols Bill, and his tactics towards that much-needed measure have naturally directed a good deal of attention to Mr. HOPWOOD in the capacity of legislator. True, the fruits of Mr. HOPWOOD's labours as legislator appear somewhat unsubstantial, like the record of a Gladstonian Session. The legislation is somewhat of a negative character. But, in the circumstances, it is really a remarkable record for a legislator who fears he can claim "not more than forty years as an observer and practitioner of the criminal law." All these years has Mr. HOPWOOD been observing the criminal law, only to throw out the Pistols Bill, and to boast himself of having saved criminals some two thousand and six hundred years of durance vile. Mr. HOPWOOD declares that he opposed the Pistols Bill because it was likely to prove ineffective. We fear there never can be a Bill which will be found effective in Mr. HOPWOOD's eyes. What most people want is some measure that would regulate the sale of revolvers to young people, and almost everybody is convinced that some measure of the kind is urgently called for. But Mr. HOPWOOD, in his playful, ironic way, points out that it should be known that the Pistols Bill left untouched such small matters as "razors, knives, guns, cords, bridges, baths, river embankments, gunpowder, matches," and other sources of danger. These things, of course, would naturally come within the scope of a Bill for regulating the sale of revolvers.

Mr. HOPWOOD's tenderness for free trade in revolvers, strange though it be, may have its source in some subtle intent. It is possible that Mr. HOPWOOD desires to further the times when the much-threatened householder will be compelled to arm himself against the burglar and his revolver. Then if burglars, and not policemen, get wounded or killed by the revolver of the householder, Mr. HOPWOOD's experienced conscience will be void of offence. That is, it may be that Mr. HOPWOOD wants to "hedge" his practice of lenient sentences, leaving, however, the burden upon the householder. In which case it would certainly be a time to cry *Caveat Civis*. At present Mr. HOPWOOD's monitor is wounded by the bare inward suggestion that there is any relation between "two recent dreadful cases" of revolver-shooting and what he is pleased to call his "rational opposition" to the Pistols Bill. That no fewer than thirty-two burglars should have been captured with revolvers in their possession must appear to most persons an extremely strong argument in favour of the proposed legislation. Certainly, nothing could be worse than Mr. HOPWOOD's reasons for preventing that legislation. Because the thirty-two revolvers were "wisely unused" by the burglars—who had no chance to use them—and because no policemen were actually killed outright by those who unwisely did use revolvers, Mr. HOPWOOD thinks there is no need to legislate in the matter. There is something fatuous, indeed, in the notion of a burglar, caught in the act, deliberating on the wise handling of a revolver. But now, since Mr. HOPWOOD wills it, burglars are encouraged to go armed in the dark nights, we must expect to hear of their use of the revolver during the coming winter. We cannot expect, with Mr. HOPWOOD, that revolvers will, in such hands, be wisely unused any longer.

THE QUESTION OF A FOOZLER.

THE Scot is proverbially "kindly," but there is a limit to his good-natured toleration of the Southron, and that limit is soon reached where his national pride is touched. The "institutions" on which he is sensitive may be numbered on the fingers of one hand. They are—the beauty of his country, the greatness of his countrymen, the merits of his legal system, the genius of Scott, and the worth of "the royal and ancient game."

When the golfing mania first seized the common herd of Englishmen, the Scot looked on with good-humoured amusement. Wherever his lines had been cast, he at least had heard of the existence of the national game from his earliest years. If he were a Highlander, the minister of his parish brought with him the reminiscence of his student days, and his clubs occupied some corner of his study where his eye could light on them when he returned from ministering to a flock whose heathery and peat-moss pasturage forbade the making of "a course." There were few students who left "the grey cathedral town" without a deep affection for the green links and golden sands of the birthplace and home of the game at which they were "scratch" before their University course was over. Even the Scot doomed to be born and bred in London could hardly escape hearing of the game at Blackheath, if his knowledge were merely limited to the gibing criticisms of his Cockney associates, who, after some holiday trip, reported witnessing men in red coats knocking small balls into small holes. The beginning of a fashion is hard to trace; but for the future historian we may roughly date the English craze from about the middle of the 'eighties in the present century. What happened was according to the history of the two countries—the English began by invading the Scottish links. The Scots, unfortunately, did not pursue their ancient policy; they should have destroyed their links and clubs, and retreated for a time, till the invaders had tired of their latest crank. On the contrary, they welcomed them with a certain benevolent contempt. They allowed them to crowd on to the limited accommodation—conspicuous always from their tongue, the brilliancy of their coats, the number of their clubs, and their garrulous conversation concerning their conquests and their performances. Coatless in hot weather (a custom on the links as peculiar as playing cricket in a frock coat would be in England), they hacked round the course, iron-marking and furrowing it into a ploughed field, and the green-keepers toiled after them in vain, repairing the ravages they wrought on the green. Their swarming presence necessitated the start by number, and the blocks occasioned by their presence taught patience to the native who had known the bliss of "a clear green." Having destroyed the face of the Scottish earth, they started "courses" in strange spots with inappropriate names in their own country, and with great bribes they enticed away the Scottish professors of the art. They taught the erst humble and patient caddie how to strike. Further they carried back to England the St. Andrews medal, and still the Scot forbore to turn them out from the land. The simple, generous native has had to see many "a six-pence bang," as the price of the existing inns have risen with the demand for accommodation, and with the uprising of the giant hotels which now fringe every course. He has seen new clubs advertised by being named after eminent men whose handling of the club has not been a spectacle calculated to increase the sale of the latest variety. Nay, he has even opened his morning guide and second self, his *Scotsman*, and read, in an account of the crowding of the Waverley Station in the tourist season, how the platforms were piled with luggage including quantities of "golf sticks."

All this, and more besides, has been tolerated. The Scot has known his good things for centuries. He has played golf quietly, without advertisement, and without desiring that all the world should follow his example. He knows the game is a first-class one, that it could only have been invented by Scotsmen, and could have had no other "native links," and if these things be admitted, he has been willing to tolerate the inconvenience the craze has cost him. But in the last few weeks he has learnt that within the covers of *The National Review* an Englishman, and a mere novice in the art, has dared to ask the question, "Is golf a first-class game?" All the "lion rampant" within his breast is roused at this insolent assumption of a questioning attitude,

and he feels that the moment has arrived for a vigorous protest. It is in vain that the least emotional ones of his nation point out that, the question being raised may lead to the desirable result of ridding the country of "the foreigners." The English—they say—have played the game because they think it the fashion; and if by means of the English themselves the "Scotch croquet," as they are pleased to call it, can be made unpopular, the end attained will be that desired by all true Scotsmen, and golfers. Mr. Horace Hutchinson, an Englishman whose name is revered and beloved on every Scottish course, has given to the world the one readable and helpful book which has been written on "golf." The second portion of it is entitled "Hints to Golfers of Riper Years." Hint XXIX. has passed almost into a proverb:—"Try to remember, too, that a person may be a most indifferent golfer, and yet be a good Christian gentleman, and in some respects worthy your esteem." It is a fact hard to remember and to demonstrate in conduct. But Mr. Hutchinson has no golden rule as to the treatment of those who dare to question the position which golf should hold among games. He either cannot conceive such an individual, or, if such a one were brought to his notice, he would probably decide that the individual should be handed over to the tender mercies of the caddies, after having been expelled from every golf Club in both countries. Golf is at no time a game which brings to view all the Christian virtues. There is an unholy pleasure experienced in watching a man in a bunker, or in any of the other changes and chances which make up the golfer's fate. But it is almost painful to contemplate the keen pleasure with which the misfortunes of such a questioner will be regarded on every Scottish course. He may be suffering from lumbago, have broken his best club, or have had "the worst luck in the world"; from start to finish he will meet with nothing but the remark that he has only received half his deserts.

INVESTMENT.

THREE years have passed since the Baring crisis. It was accompanied by the breakdown of South America, it has been followed by a further great depreciation of silver, by a banking crash in Australia, by a currency crisis in the United States, by the bankruptcy of Portugal and Greece, by an increase of the financial difficulties of Spain, Italy, and Mexico, and by a general depression of trade. There are good grounds for hoping now that the series of disasters is at an end, and that we are entering upon a period of recovery. During the three years the wealth of the world has been growing. Few new securities have been created, savings have accumulated, and the rates of interest and discount have fallen very much. Investors everywhere are beginning to take courage, and there are signs that by-and-bye investment buying will become large. It is to be hoped that the public have taken warning by recent experience, and that they will not allow themselves, as so often in the past, to be tempted into risky enterprises. They should remember that judgment is as much required in the purchase of stocks as in the purchase of land or houses; and they should not, therefore, grudge reasonable time and trouble in making inquiries. Three great markets in particular are likely to attract attention in the immediate future. First and most important of these is the American. It offers inducements of all kinds, and it is likely to be pressed upon investors by their brokers. But the prudent investor will bear in mind that in no department is care more indispensable. If he exercises due caution, he has an opportunity now to buy with advantage. To him the first essential is safety. He will, of course, like to get a good return for his money; but no return is good unless it is safe. Ladies, professional men whose time is fully occupied, and all who have not special means of information should confine their purchases to bonds which rank for interest either before a large share capital on which dividends have been regularly paid for a considerable number of years, or before other bonds of fair amount the interest upon which is reasonably certain to be paid. If the investor follows this rule, he will know that there is a large income to be drawn upon before that out of which his own interest comes need be touched. Those who are conversant with the City, or who know America well, or who for any reason

have special means of watching over the properties in which they are interested, may go farther afield. By so doing they will get a better return for their money, and so will raise the average yield; but they must not lose sight of the fact that they are incurring a certain risk. With care, however, they may reduce the risk so that it shall not be greater than a prudent man ought to run. Some of what are called junior bonds—bonds, that is, which rank last amongst the bonds of a Company, and immediately before shares upon which dividend is either not paid at all or paid only at times—are fairly safe for the man who can give attention to them. But the intending buyer should satisfy himself as to the prospects of the Company. Are its earnings likely to fall off or to improve? Is its floating debt unwieldy large? Is its management fairly competent? There is another class of so-called bonds—income bonds—which are really only preference shares. They are not secured by mortgage, and the interest on them is payable only when the directors think it expedient. These should be touched only by capitalists who do not want an income and can afford to wait until the property so improves that they can sell with a handsome profit. Generally speaking, also, shares should be avoided by the *bona fide* investor. American railroads are managed on principles entirely different from those of our own. Presidents seldom regard the interests of the shareholders, and much of the revenue is spent for purposes which here at home would be a charge upon capital. There are a few exceptions; they are, however, very few, and, broadly speaking, therefore, the investor should avoid shares. We are inclined to think that even the capitalist who can afford to wait had better let them alone for the present; firstly, because we greatly fear that the coming winter will be a severe one in the United States; and, secondly, because there is so much floating debt to be funded that most of the savings of the world available for investment in American railroad securities will be required for subscription to these new bonds.

The second department which is likely to attract investors in the immediate future is the market for South African gold, land, and diamond shares. Already there has been a good deal of buying, especially of the gold shares, and the purchases will probably go on. It is proved beyond doubt that the gold-fields are very rich; some of the Companies are paying high dividends; the management of most has been greatly improved during the past two or three years; new machinery is being erected, promising to increase the output largely, and railway communication is being rapidly extended. There is much, therefore, to recommend the securities to those who are in search of a handsome return upon their money; and the investment ought to prove profitable if due care is exercised by the purchaser. He ought never to forget, however, that in its very nature gold-mining is risky. A gold-mine may for a while give rich results, and yet it may quite unexpectedly give out. Besides, the best mine can contain only a limited quantity of ore. The cautious inquirer, therefore, will not be satisfied merely by finding that a particular mine has for some time past been paying large dividends. That is very satisfactory so far as it goes; but it does not go very far. It proves that up to the present the venture has turned out well; but it tells little as to the future. If the intending purchaser finds out that the yield is good at present; that, assuming that yield to continue, the capital is not excessive, and that the management is competent, he will next inquire as to the prospects of the future. What extent of land is owned by the Company? Does it stretch in the direction in which probably the gold runs? and how much of it is being worked at present? For the information of those who have not given much attention to the matter, it may be well to state here that the gold runs in what are called veins. The veins dip at an angle, and they usually run on for a considerable distance. Suppose, then, that a Company is now working at a point which we shall call "A," and that it finds a vein of gold of so many feet thick and dip, and that the vein runs in the direction of a point which we shall call "B." Then, if the Company owns all the land between A and B, there is a strong likelihood that throughout the whole distance the vein continues, and consequently that the mine may be worked profitably for a long time to come. It is true that, as the workings are pushed in the direction of B, the depth of the mining becomes greater, and consequently the cost. But if the vein is rich the workings will still be profitable. So far

we have got only a probability. Now if the Company sinks a shaft at B, and at the calculated depth comes upon the vein, and if the vein is of nearly the same richness as it has been proved to be at a lesser depth at the point A, the probability that the vein extends the whole way is greatly increased. If an intending investor convinces himself that all this is true, then he may buy with reasonable safety. Take another case. At the point A the Company in question is working profitably. Then another Company is working another mine also profitably on the line of the vein, and beyond that again is the point B owned by the first Company; and if by sinking a shaft the vein is found at the point B, the prospects of the Company in question are also good. The intending investor, then, will do well to inquire, not only as to the actual results of the working and the management of the Company, but also as to the geographical position of the mine, the probable direction in which the vein runs, the extent of the property owned, and how much of it is now being worked or has been explored. He will also be well advised if he gives some attention to the machinery now set up. Are there many stamps, as they are called, or only a few? If there are only a few, the outturn may still be largely increased; if there are many, the probability is the other way. The investor who can afford to wait may do better sometimes by buying very cheap shares than by selecting those of Companies that are already paying high dividends. But in this case it is most essential to ascertain the character of the management and the geographical position of the mine. The shares would not be cheap if the Company was doing well; therefore, it must either have been managed badly in the past or it cannot have proved that its property is rich in ore. If the management has been bad, is it now improved? If gold has not been found in sufficient quantity, what is the geographical position of the mine? and are there reasonable grounds for believing that when machinery is set up the results will be good?

A third department likely to attract buyers is the Argentine. If order is maintained in the future, there ought to be a steady improvement in the economic condition of the country. There is no question at all that during the past three years the area under cultivation has been extended, wealth has grown, and trade has somewhat revived. The progress would be greater still were it not for the political troubles; if these are now removed, the progress ought to be marked in the future. But, for ourselves, we would not, for all that, recommend investors to buy Government bonds, whether the bonds of the National Government or of the provinces and the municipalities; for up to the present no evidence is forthcoming that corruption will be rooted out, that retrenchment will be enforced, and that rash borrowing will be avoided. But we are inclined to think that the stocks of Argentine industrial Companies, and especially of railway Companies, may be bought advantageously. Some of the Companies have continued to pay dividends even during the last three trying years. They ought, therefore, to be able largely to increase their dividends in the early future—always assuming, of course, that order is maintained. The investor, however, should bear in mind that during ex-President Céleste's luckless administration railways were built very recklessly. Some of them have never been finished, and are not likely to be finished very soon. Some of them parallel other lines, and can hardly prove profitable for many a day to come. The cautious investor will avoid all these. But there are some Companies, as already said, so happily placed and so well managed, that even in the worst days of depression they have been able to earn dividends, and they are likely to grow in prosperity as time goes on. There has been a sharp fall in their securities, and the time, therefore, seems favourable for investment. But at the risk of seeming to repeat ourselves, we would say again that that depends upon the maintenance of order. If disturbances break out once more, railway lines may be cut, stations may be burned down, and other damage may be done, while, of course, there must be an interruption of business. The investor must judge for himself whether the evidence of strength given by the Government inspires him with confidence. Our business here is not to pronounce political opinions, but to offer advice on economic considerations alone. Assuming that it is safe to act on economic considerations alone, we think that the stocks of some of the Argentine railway Companies are cheap.

UTOPIA (LIMITED).

THE British public is so notoriously liable to be influenced by sentiment that the success of the new opera produced last Saturday at the Savoy Theatre was almost a foregone conclusion. The collaboration of Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert had lasted for so long, and had had such good results, the effects of the misunderstanding between them were so evident in the work of each apart from the other, that the mere announcement that the breach was healed, and that they were once more to produce a new piece, sufficed to fill the theatre with an audience overflowing with enthusiasm. And when, at the close of the evening, composer and author were seen shaking hands before the curtain, the joy of the house knew no bounds at this outward and visible sign of the renewal of love between two faithful friends who never should have fallen out. If the almost extravagant expressions of delight with which *Utopia (Limited)* was received should prove, upon examination, not altogether well founded, there can be but one opinion that the renewal of the partnership between Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert is a matter for congratulation. The form of opera which is associated with their names is not only a product of native birth, but it also possesses a distinct individuality, which distinguishes it from opéra-bouffe on the one hand, and the inanities of burlesque on the other. The series of operas which began with *The Sorcerer* may not be cast in a very ambitious mould; but many of them have been, in their modest way, masterpieces of the happy combination of peculiarly fantastic humour with delicate and entirely suitable music. The value of this sort of work is especially noticeable just now, when the flood-gates of music-hall vulgarity seem to be opened wide, and comic opera has no chance of success unless it is deliberately lowered to the level of the variety entertainment. The experiences of the past few years have shown that Mr. Gilbert's humour loses half its point when divorced from Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, while the latter has never approached nearer to failure than when he has not been associated with the librettist whose name is coupled with his greatest triumphs. The applause which greeted every number of *Utopia (Limited)* was therefore a healthy sign that the public taste is not yet entirely ruined by music-halls, and that there is still a demand for a more refined form of entertainment, a demand which it is to be hoped the success of the new Savoy opera will perpetuate for many years.

The plot of *Utopia (Limited)*—such as it is—has been so fully described by the daily press that there is no occasion to recapitulate it in these columns. The libretto, written throughout in Mr. Gilbert's best style, is a trenchant satire upon British institutions. The good things with which its pages teem are so numerous that they almost completely hide the defects of the dramatic construction, and atone for the sometimes undue length of the dialogue. The leading idea of the story—namely, the sudden transformation of the constitution of a country where, “after many unhappy experiments in the direction of an ideal Republic, it was found that what may be described as a Despotism tempered by Dynamite provides, on the whole, the most satisfactory description of ruler” by the introduction of the “Flowers of Progress,” which flourish in Great Britain—is excellent, and the way in which the change is worked up to in the First Act, though perhaps unduly lengthy, is full of promise of humorous situations. The rivalry of the two Judges of the Utopian Supreme Court for the hand of the Princess Zara, which forms an important feature in Act I., also promises well, but unfortunately all this elaborate preparation leads to very little. The Drawing-Room scene at the beginning of the Second Act, of which so much was expected, proved utterly uninteresting, save, perhaps, from a milliner's point of view; nothing more is heard of the loves of Scaphio and Phantis, and the results of the change of constitution, under which the kingdom is worked under the Companies Act of 1862, are barely developed before a revolution takes place, and the opera is brought to an abrupt end by the introduction of Party Government. The consequence of the undue proportion in length between the two acts and the want of action in Act II. is that the work leaves behind it an impression of unfulfilled expectation, which is only half-atomed for by the humour and brilliancy of the dialogue and lyrics. It is this defect which makes us class *Utopia (Limited)* less highly than some of Mr. Gilbert's earlier libretti; judged by

any other standard than that of his best works, it would be entitled to high praise, but compared with *The Sorcerer*, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, or *The Mikado*, it just falls short of the highest rank. Similarly, we are inclined to place Sir Arthur Sullivan's share of the opera lower than some of his earlier efforts. The music is decidedly better than that of *Haddon Hall*; it is invariably fluent, tuneful, and appropriate, and shows throughout the hand of an accomplished musician. But there is no tune in it that will take the town, the flow of melody is almost obvious in its simplicity, and the orchestration is sometimes so slight as to be almost trivial. The best numbers are the duets between Scaphio and Phantis and the King and Lady Sophy (in Act I.), the *ensemble* on the entry of Princess Zara, the Finale to Act I., the Tenor Song (“A Tenor, all singers above”), the Christy Minstrel Song, and the Trio between Scaphio, Phantis, and Tarara (in Act II.); and the worst are the Overture and Mr. Goldbury's song in praise of “an English girl of eleven stone two.” Anything that Sir Arthur Sullivan writes is sure to be interesting; but, though there are many charming little bits of orchestral colouring to be found in the score of his latest opera, on the whole it must be pronounced very unequal in merit, and the impression it leaves is that it was written hastily and without due deliberation. The performance is excellent throughout. Mr. Barrington as King Paramount, Miss Rosina Brandram as Lady Sophy, and Mr. Denny as Scaphio, do all that is possible with the characters they represent. Mr. Charles Kenningham sings the music of Captain Fitzbattleaxe very well, and Mr. Scott Fiske more than fulfils the promise of his performance in *Jane Annie*. Mr. John Le Hay shows considerable improvement as Phantis; his humour, which used to be rather overpowering, is much more telling by being toned down. The part of the Princess Zara is taken by Miss Nancy McIntosh, an American soprano, who was heard at several concerts last season. She looks quite charming, but apparently has but small idea of acting; while on the first night her vocal powers were almost paralysed by nervousness. The part is an ineffective one, but Miss McIntosh has proved such a good concert-singer that when she has had a little more experience she should become a valuable recruit to the operatic stage. The small parts of the Princesses Nekaya and Kalyba are very cleverly played and sung by Miss E. Owen and Miss F. Perry, and all the minor characters—of which there are an unusual number—are very well filled. The scenery suffers by being too gorgeous. In Act I. the delicate shades of Mr. Percy Anderson's very beautiful dresses would be far more effective if the landscape which forms the background were not painted in such brilliant colours; while the scene in the Throne Room of the Palace in Act II. is a warning against the excessive use of electric-lighting. The work is mounted with all the care and finish for which Mr. D'Oyly Carte is deservedly renowned, and the band and chorus execute their share of the opera in a way which deserves all praise.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Board of Trade Returns for September and for the first nine months of the year are fairly satisfactory considering all the circumstances. The value of the imports for the month was 31,377,936*l.*, being a decrease of 107,369*l.* compared with September of last year, or not quite one-third of 1 per cent. The falling off is mainly in living animals and articles of food and tobacco. There is an increase in metals, oils, raw materials for textile manufactures, manufactured articles, miscellaneous, and Parcels Post. For the nine months the value of the imports was 297,180,803*l.*, a decrease compared with the corresponding period of last year of a little over 15*l.* millions, or not far short of 5 per cent. Here, again, the principal falling off is in articles of food. Food and drink alone show a decrease of very nearly 5 millions, and living animals of not far short of 3 millions. The diminution in articles of food and drink is partly due to price and partly to quantity. At first sight the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures look very discouraging. The total value for the month was 18,434,129*l.*, being a decrease compared with September of last year of 679,730*l.*, or about 3*l.* per cent. And the falling off is very general, the only increases being in machinery and mill-works, food and drink, and Parcels Post. For the nine

months the value amounted to 165,393,621*l.*, a decrease of over 5 millions, or nearly 3 per cent. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the falling off began in 1891, that it continued all through 1892, and for the first four months of this year. But there was a very small increase in May, a handsome increase in June, and a moderate increase in July. The improvement having thus been maintained for three months, hopes became general that the depression in trade, due to the Baring crisis, had come to an end. In August, however, there was another falling off of about 2½ per cent., while in September, as already said, the falling off was as much as 3½ per cent. This looks extremely discouraging, especially when we add that the exports last month were smaller than in any September since 1879. But on looking more closely into the figures, we see reason to modify our opinion and take a somewhat more hopeful view. The total falling off in the value of our exports during the month of September, as already stated, was, in round figures, 680,000*l.*, and of this total as much as 282,641*l.* was in coal alone; so that clearly over one-third of the total decrease is directly attributable to the great strike which has so disorganized business throughout the country. Indirectly, of course, the strike must likewise have thrown out of gear more or less every department of trade, and must, therefore, be accountable for somewhat more of the falling off. But the decline, apart from the coal strike, is mainly due to the crisis in the United States. Every reader who has paid any attention to the subject is aware that for many months during the summer the banks in all the leading cities of the United States had practically stopped lending and discounting, that they were unable to pay cash, and that consequently their customers had to go without the accommodation to which they were accustomed. It is not surprising, then, that business of all kinds greatly declined; the wonder is that the trade with that country has not suffered even more than the returns show it to have done. To take a few instances. In September of last year we exported to the United States 1,881,400 lbs. of wool; in September this year we sent only 78,200 lbs.; so that in that single article alone there was a falling off of over 1,800,000 lbs., representing in cash nearly 49,000*l.* Our export of jute manufactures to the United States fell from nearly 132,000*l.* in September of last year to little more than 66,000*l.* this September; our exports of linen manufactures from over 187,000*l.* to 89,000*l.*; our woollen tissues from 32,000*l.* to 15,000*l.*; our worsted tissues from 252,000*l.* to 97,000*l.*; and our tinplates from 297,000*l.* to 179,000*l.* It would be easy to go on adding to these figures, but we have said enough to show how seriously the trade of the United States has suffered from the crisis through which the country has been passing, and to what a large extent, therefore, the falling off in our exports is due to the inability of merchants in the United States to buy from us as they ordinarily do. Taking this into account, we seem to have reason for looking more hopefully at the condition of our trade than at first sight we should be warranted in doing. The coal strike is a temporary disturbance. It must end before long now; and though, of course, it has impoverished large classes, and done much injury in many ways, business will soon flow as usual into its ordinary channels. The recovery of the United States will be slower. The distrust which is so general cannot be expected to pass away all at once; the liquidation of bad business must be gradual. But, upon the whole, the trade of the country has been shown to be sound. There have been no great failures, and it is almost incredible that that could have been so if there had been wild speculation. Trade, then, having been fairly sound, as soon as the currency has been placed upon a satisfactory basis, confidence will revive, and with it business will grow. Next year, at all events, there ought to be a decided revival in the United States; and, when that sets in, there no doubt will be an expansion of our own trade. The banking crisis in Australia has not had as much effect as might have been expected, mainly because the trade of Australia had been greatly depressed long before; the falling off, indeed, took place last year. Gradually, it may be hoped, the colonies will become prosperous once more, and then there will be a revival in the Australian trade also. Upon the whole, then, we are inclined to regard the falling off in our exports during August and September as temporary, and to come to the conclusion that the depression has now reached its limit, and that very soon material recovery may be looked for.

The Directors of the Bank of England made no change in their rate of discount this week. They lowered it last week only because of the pressure put upon them by the outside market. This week there has been some recovery in the open market, the rate of discount there being now about 1½ per cent., and it is probable that there will be a further advance. Usually the demand for money becomes exceedingly active in October and November, owing to the expansion of the country circulation, and to the foreign demands for gold. There is not such a foreign demand as would materially affect rates at present, and the home circulation is not likely to expand much, owing to the coal strike. Still, there will doubtless be some further improvement. Another reason why money is so abundant and cheap in London at present is that the Government has borrowed unusually large sums from the Bank, and consequently the Bank is poorer than usual and the outside market better supplied.

The India Council again offered for tender on Wednesday 40 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers; but there was not a single application. For just three months now the Council has practically been unable to sell any of its drafts. In consequence of this there is a great accumulation of money in the Indian Presidency Treasuries, and the Presidency banks are very poorly supplied. Last week, as a result, the Bank of Bombay raised its rate of discount to 4 per cent., and the probability is that rates will rise sharply now both in Bombay and Calcutta. If so, it is reasonable to expect that the demand for Council drafts will greatly increase. There have been rumours during the week that the Indian Government is considering whether it should impose a duty on the imports of silver; but the rumours are probably unfounded; indeed, the imports of silver into India, which have been on an extraordinary scale for the past three months, are now falling off. There are also rumours of a probable early Sterling loan.

At the fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange, which began on Wednesday morning, the joint-stock banks at first asked 2½ per cent. for loans to Stock Exchange borrowers; but most of them had to lower their demands. Speaking generally, the rate was about 2 per cent., while here and there 2½ per cent. was paid, and late in the day no more than 1¾ per cent. could be obtained. But one or two of the banks held out for 2½ per cent., and there was much dissatisfaction in consequence. The account to be settled was a very small one. As yet, happily, there is exceedingly little speculation in any department; but there is a fair amount of investment business going on, and there has been more buying for the last few weeks of South African securities than for a long time. We offer some advice with regard to those securities in another column; we need only observe here that the buying has been principally of the best gold shares—shares upon which good dividends are paid, and whose prospects are considered excellent. Of course, there has been some rise in the speculative securities likewise, but the main demand has been for good properties. It seems a fair inference from this that the buyers are not speculating; they are paying for what they buy with their own money, and if so there is every reason to hope that they will do well. In the American market, business is nearly at a standstill because of the uncertainty as to what the Senate will do with regard to the Sherman Act. A struggle has begun and efforts are being made to tire out the minority and force a vote, but whether it will be successful is much doubted. There are fears that nothing will be done until the regular Session begins in December. As long as the uncertainty remains, it would be rash to engage in new risks in the department, and we think that investors should be exceedingly cautious how they buy; especially they should avoid everything speculative, and everything that depends for value upon silver. At home the coal strike seems happily to be coming to an end, and when it does we hope, as we observe above, that trade will improve somewhat. For the present there is little change in home markets, with the exception of a sharp fall on Wednesday in Brighton "A." On Wednesday a circular was issued by the Board of the Industrial and General Trust announcing that there is to be a reorganization of the Company. A considerable amount of the capital is to be written off. The Trust is one of those concerns brought out by the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation, and is the third important Company of that group that has had to reconstruct. Business is quiet likewise on the Continental Bourses, where there has been a

temporary recovery in Italian Rentes. Through the good offices of the German Government the Italian Government at the end of last week concluded an arrangement with a syndicate of Berlin bankers for a loan of 2 millions sterling, which secures the payment of the January coupon.

In the Home Railway market the most important movement of the week is in Brighton "A," which closed on Thursday at 142, being a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Great Western closed at 153 $\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; and Midland closed at 150 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; but North-Western closed at 165 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. In the American market Louisville and Nashville shares continued to decline all through the week. They closed on Thursday at 47, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 4 $\frac{3}{4}$. Milwaukee shares closed at 60 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; Atchison Four per Cent. bonds closed at 74, a fall of 1; Denver Fours closed at 75 $\frac{1}{2}$, also a fall of 1; and Erie Second Mortgage bonds closed at 72, a fall of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. But New York Central shares closed at 106 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1, while Lake Shore closed at 127, a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. The recovery in Argentine securities has been very rapid. The Five per Cents of '86 closed on Thursday at 63 $\frac{3}{4}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1 $\frac{1}{4}$; the Funding Loan closed at 67 $\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of 2 $\frac{1}{4}$; Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 58-61, a rise of 1; Central Argentine closed at 64, a rise of 4; and Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 110-12, also a rise of 4. In the foreign market the movements have generally been upwards. French Rentes closed on Thursday at 98, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$, and Italian closed at 83 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{4}$. In the South African market the advance has continued through the week. New Jagersfontein, 10*l.* paid, closed on Thursday at 17 $\frac{5}{16}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$; and City and Suburban gold shares, 1*l.* paid, closed at 11 $\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$.

"THREELLS" IN FICTION.

"I DINNA care for the book, Mem, it'sa' threells thegither," was the comment of a Scotch housemaid, on restoring to her mistress a modern novel of the "demoniaco-seraphic" school. The criticism was probably a just one—an extravagant use of "threells" certainly defeats its own purpose, and produces in the reader's mind a reaction of lassitude and exhaustion. The great masters of fiction recognized this. They realized that the supreme moments in life are not matters of daily occurrence, and cannot be scattered out of a pepper-pot over the pages of romance. So lavish an expenditure of strong sensations may produce a slight titillation just as a too generous use of pepper causes a desire to sneeze, but that is a very different feeling from the sudden thrill down the back, the catch in the breath, and the grip at the throat, when the spring of emotion is touched by a master hand.

There is, perhaps, scarcely one of the *Waverley Novels* in which there is not some culminating point, some magic blending of unexpectedness with fitness, some sudden tuning of the human element to the highest pitch of the heroic, some unforeseen triumph of imagination over probability, some matchless stringing together of words that echo ever afterwards in the memory. We can all recall passages from which no amount of familiarity can take away the glow of freshness. When the solitary trumpet sounds its unexpected note of defiance, and Ivanhoe enters the lists, and strikes, "with the sharp end of his spear, the shield of Brian de Bois Guilbert, until it rung again," again, and yet again, our hearts ring in response to the stroke. There is for us no other tournament in fiction, no single combat in which we take part with such breathless interest. We may know the words by heart in which the action is described, but they never fail to surprise and delight us.

In *Guy Mannerling* it is enough for Meg Merrilies to appear on the scene for our pulses to be quickened to a sense of expectancy. We know exactly how she will break the sapling bough and fling it on the road, as she utters her fateful warning to the Laird of Ellangowan; but her gestures and the words of her prophecy come upon us each time with thrill of surprise. The passionate pathos of the woman, the poetic fervour of her language, the heightening of the dramatic situation by the indication of coming evil,

implied by her words, always startle us into an attitude of keen interest and excited anticipation. Then there is her meeting with Brown at Mump's Ha'; her parting with him in the old ruin, when she conjures him to respond to her call, "be it in church or market, at wedding or at burial, Sunday or Saturday, meat-time or fasting," and the final dramatic climax in the cave with Dirck Hatterick, when "the hour had come and the man." Use and wont can no more rob her words of their hold on our imagination and appeal to our emotion than they can deaden our senses to some noble passage in a Beethoven symphony or some dramatic *motif* in a Wagner opera.

We have all felt our blood tingle, after a minute of suspended animation, when Morton is the prisoner of the fanatical Covenanters in *Old Mortality*. Mucklewraith is about to move the clock on to hasten the hour of death when he is arrested by a distant sound:—

'It is the rushing of the brook over the pebble,' said one.

'It is the sough of the wind among the brackens,' said another.

'It is the galloping of horse,' said Morton to himself.

Is it the ring of the words, the dramatic appropriateness of the rescue, or the sense of relieved tension, which we share with the somewhat wooden hero, or a combination of the three, which makes that scene so memorable a one?

It is enough to mention such passages to set the chord of memory vibrating up the whole gamut of romantic scenes and stirring incidents, both in the *Waverley Novels* and elsewhere.

In Mr. Froude's *Two Chiefs of Dunboy*, the duel between Morty O'Sullivan and Goring moves us much as our youth was moved when Locksley split the hazel wand at the Ashby-de-la-Zouche tournament, only when Goring resists firing at Morty, and instead brings down a single leaf fluttering at the top of the furthest tree, a motive of noble self-control and generosity is added to our interest in the supreme achievement of a sportsman.

Sometimes the thrill is caused by an abrupt contrast, the unexpected intrusion of a new motive. In *Ravenshoe*, when Welter arouses old Lord Saltire in the middle of the night to tell him that Charles is back in London, it is the sudden, swift triumph in a debased nature of a generous motive that causes our nerves to prick and our pulses to beat with a sense of courageous optimism.

Sidney Carton's sacrifice of his life for the woman he loved is another of those supreme moments which

Seem the whole work of a lifetime
That away the rest has trifled.

We can no more read of it unmoved than we can subdue the lump that rises in our throats when Jackanapes rides back into the battle to save his old friend. "Leave you? To save my skin? No, Tony, not to save my soul."

Sometimes the thrill is the result of fear combined with a sharpened sense of participation in the development of the story. Mr. Louis Stevenson is a master of such moments. When through the silence of the frosty night the tap-tapping of old Pew's stick interrupts Jim and his mother bending over the treasure chest, our hearts stand still. The incident of the apple-barrel, and all the subsequent fighting, pale in interest before that sudden flush of throbbing anticipation. The creepy horror, which like a deepening note of doom makes itself felt in every page of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, reaches its culminating point in the scene where Mr. Utterson and Poole, the butler, stand outside the cabinet door and hear the sound of the footfall moving about on the floor. Not even the awful and unexpected explanation of the mystery comes up in interest to the thrill of expectancy aroused by that scene. In *Thrawn Janet* we have another such moment, when the minister, who has just seen Janet's body hanging from a nail, hears the familiar step "plodding down the stairs," and the hand "skirt along the wa," and sees the eldritch woman, with the unnatural scowl on her face, approach him where he stood. We are told that with "ilka step that cam' a wee thing nearer, the cauld got deeper in his vitals." And we believe it, for with each word that we read we experience the same sensation.

There is a short tale by Mrs. Gaskell, called "The Grey Woman," in which the nerve of terror is worked upon almost without relaxation during two-thirds of the story. There is supreme art in the way that the emotion is varied without being lessened in intensity. From the acute sensation of fear, when the terrified wife, crouching under

the table, steals out her hand from below the cover and touches a corpse, through the subsequent episodes of flight, pursuit, and concealment, we are kept in a state of suspense and keen participation in the horror of the situation, which is never blunted by familiarity with the story; which forcibly reminds us that Fiction fulfils itself in many ways, and that the *vox humana* stop in novels may thrill us on many sides.

NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE triennial musical Festival of East Anglia, held last week at Norwich, was attended with conspicuous success. The oldest musical inhabitant failed to recall a better chorus, the attendances showed a marked improvement on those of 1890, the programmes were full of novelty and variety, and, finally, both M. Paderewski and Señor Sarasate made first appearances at Norwich. It is true that the programmes of the miscellaneous concerts were very badly arranged and ridiculously long; but these shortcomings may be readily pardoned. The only serious blot on the Festival was the production of Mr. Gaul's *Una*, the choice of which was doubtless dictated by the desire to conciliate the local belief in local talent. The libretto of *Una* is freely adapted from the first book of the *Faery Queen*, and is in great part a mosaic of words and phrases borrowed from Spenser, and embedded in a wilderness of words provided by Mr. Frederick Enoch, whose conscientiousness in the use of quotation marks would satisfy the most rabid plagiary hunter of to-day. The chorus comprises Fauns, Satyrs, Naiads, and Hamadryads, demon spirits and "peasant labourers," but there is no part for the lion even in the orchestra. As for Mr. Gaul's music, it is almost commonplace enough to be popular.

In regard of novelties the Festival reached its zenith and its nadir at the same concert, *Una* having been preceded by M. Paderewski's Polish Fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra, a work which, alike in brilliancy and beauty, is a notable advance on his Pianoforte Concerto, and shows that the famous virtuoso has it in him to write music which rests its appeal for recognition on qualities other than pyrotechnic. The Fantasia, as well as his manner of playing it, proves him to be much in earnest. The tranquil episodes are marked by deep poetic feeling, and the decorative detail is never meretricious, but adds to the general effect. The solo part was played last week by the composer with astonishing skill, and, where occasion required, with exquisite delicacy and tenderness. The very difficult and exacting orchestral accompaniment was given by the band with commendable accuracy; but Mr. Randegger, sound and experienced conductor though he is, has not the lightness and elasticity of touch required for such emotional music. That Mr. German's new Symphony in A minor would be clever was a foregone conclusion. The really charming *Andante*, however, revealed a depth of poetic feeling which he has hitherto failed to sound. The opening movement shows force and breadth of treatment; the Scherzo is vivacious and fancifully scored. On a first hearing the Finale is disappointing, inconsistent in spirit and patchy in construction. But, as a whole, the Symphony is an excellent piece of work, and bears throughout the stamp of a vigorous individuality and genuine orchestral instinct. Of Dr. Horace Hill's Overture, "Yewbarrow," we cannot find much to say, except that its outlandish title is explained, though not justified, by the fact, as recorded in the programme-book, that it was composed during a visit to Grange-over-Sands, at which resort the "yewbarrow" is a prominent feature. There remain in the category of novelties Mr. Cowen's *Water Lily* and Mr. J. F. Barnett's *Wishing Bell*, the former for solo, quartet, mixed chorus, and orchestra; the latter for orchestra and female voices only. Wordsworth's "Egyptian Maid," on which the libretto, by Mr. Bennett, of the former work is based, takes strange liberties with some well-known figures of Arthurian romance. Mr. Bennett makes great play with the supernatural element—spirits of the air, dreams and dreamships, a magical boat with an invisible crew, and an ebon-car drawn by two intelligent and highly-trained swans—and in so doing, he has done well, for it is precisely in the fantastic music, expressive of this elfin atmosphere, that Mr. Cowen, with his mastery of orchestral dodges, so conspicuously excels. The instrumentation of

the *Water Lily* takes rank with his very best work. It is vividly picturesque and felicitously ingenious. Unluckily as much cannot be said for the vocal score. With very few exceptions the voice parts, solo and chorus alike, lack spontaneity and charm. It simply amounts to this—that the situations have appealed successfully to Mr. Cowen's descriptive genius, while he has naturally failed to find inspiration in the commonplace of Mr. Bennett's Muse. An admirable performance of the work was given under the composer's direction with Mme. Albani, Mme. Marian McKenzie, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Norman Salmond as principal singers. Mr. J. F. Barnett's *Wishing Bell* is of too slight a texture to stand the test of performance at a festival. But it may be cordially recommended to ladies' choral societies as a work of genuine musical feeling and elegant workmanship. Mr. Barnett is never the victim of vaulting ambition. His motto is *minora canamus*. But he knows not only what he is going to say, but also how to say it.

In concluding these observations on some of the special features of the Festival, it is only right to acknowledge the marked ability and untiring vigour displayed by Mr. Randegger as the general conductor of the Festival. He is one of the most ungraceful wielders of the *bâton* before the public, but he knows his business thoroughly, and is equally competent in oratorio and opera. Nearly half the principal singers were afflicted with severe colds, and this circumstance in more than one case imparted a sense of uneasiness to the listener. Of the younger artists Mr. Norman Salmond made the most mark, and exhibited a decided improvement on his efforts at Leeds last year.

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE distinction that is implied by the description "Photographic Salon" may fairly be claimed for the remarkable examples of photography exhibited under this title at the Dudley Gallery. The promoters, most of whom are exhibitors, comprise some of the most eminent photographers in the country, and they are all united in the admirable object of illustrating the artistic employment of photography. They are of one mind in eschewing those things for which most possessors of a camera have an insatiable hankering. They record not objects that are merely fantastic, or recondite, or trivial. The surprises and paradoxes of the instantaneous are not for them. They are intent on showing what artistic results may be attained through the special gifts and accomplishments of the artist. They reveal in effect how far it advantages the photographer to be endowed with artistic feeling, and to be able to command the utmost technical skill and knowledge in the service of artistic feeling. They would, in short, poetize the photographic processes, and abandon "the dull diagrammatic prose of the earlier types of work." It must be owned that many of the exhibitors, and most of the members of the Committee, have forwarded these aims, by their work at the Dudley Gallery, with substantial success. We do not doubt that the new movement they inaugurate will be attended by yet more striking results in the future. One name in the Committee we regret to find unrepresented on the walls of the Gallery. Mr. Valentine Blachard, whose work in the artistic application of photography we have repeatedly commended in past years at the Society's exhibitions, sends no example of his taste and skill. Mr. H. P. Robinson, however, who does not exhibit in the Pall Mall Gallery this year, shows several extremely fine pictures. Count von Gloeden's beautiful studies of the figure, and the examples, No. 36, by Mr. Wane, and No. 136, by Mr. Robert Terras, we commented on last week, in connexion with the Society's exhibition. But there is nothing in portraiture in that exhibition comparable to Mr. H. H. Hay Cameron's "Henry Irving as Becket" (268), or Mr. Hollyer's extremely fine "Walter Crane" (258), or the admirable example by Mr. F. H. Evans (238) at the Dudley Gallery. In studies of sea and landscape we must note some charming works by Mr. George Davison (220-224), printed on fine-ribbed silk; Mr. Craig Annan's "Utrecht Pastoral" (123) and "Labour, Noonday" (18); Mr. Bernard Alfieri's "Derelict" (129)—a wonderful presentation of "the level waste and rounding grey." But in all directions the visitor cannot fail to be impressed by the significance of the exhibition, and the almost immeasurable advance on the old

photographic ideals that has already been secured by the artistic aims of the organizers of the Photographic Salon. The exhibition merits the most attentive study of everybody interested in the subject.

"TOUT COMPRENDRE C'EST TOUT PARDONNER."

[*"Mr. Gladstone desires me to say that he is not invested with authority to pronounce on the Parliamentary conduct of other gentlemen, and even if Mr. Gladstone had such authority, he could not greatly complain (the subject being difficult) of Mr. Wallace's voting against the ninth (now the tenth) clause."* —
Letter to an East Edinburgh Elector.]

WHAT amounts, in a member, to grave dereliction
Of duty in Parliament no jurisdiction

Entitles another to say;

So, although it would give me unspeakable solace
To da—, or at least excommunicate, Wallace,

I put the temptation away.

I: is true he objected to sign

Clause Nine

(As we numbered it then.

Since when

'tis Ten);

That he fell—and remained—out of line.

It is true that his vote gave pain

That I hope not to suffer again;

But 'tis justice to note that it wasn't a vote

Of which I can greatly complain.

We must look at the facts right straight in the muzzle,
And own that the point was a bit of a puzzle,

And easy to misapprehend.

I admit it did seem that my hand I had lent to
Arrangements I swore I would never consent to;

And that may have bothered our friend.

To: as soon as the "verity true"

leaked through,

That to rule on "the Green"

(A scene

serene!)

Was to lord it at Westminster too;

If the Irishman's duplicate reign

Went against Mr. Wallace's grain,

'Twere a cause not remote, why his wasn't a vote

Of which I can greatly complain.

'Twas a difficult question, I'm free to acknowledge,
And fit to perplex a whole Casuist College,

I raised on that night in July

When I summoned a party who hadn't an inkling
Of what was afoot to declare in a twinkling

That black was the white of my eye;

And when thus of a card you relieve

Your sleeve,

Some people about,

No doubt,

give out

That you act with intent to deceive.

So if good Mr. Wallace was fain

For the moment at least to abstain

From reversing his coat, well, it wasn't a vote

Of which I can greatly complain.

The jokes that he cracked on the Pons Asinorum
Were wanting a little, I thought, in decorum,

I fancied he pushed them too far;

Still, seeing the change I had made was extensive,
They cannot in justice be deemed more offensive

Than most of such pleasantries are.

And I own 'tis a delicate case

To face

Propositions rehearsed

At first

reversed

With respect to a triangle's base.

His objection was sound in the main

To pronouncing geometry vain,

And that's why I wrote that his wasn't a vote

Of which I can greatly complain.

REVIEWS.

MR. SELOUS AND OTHERS ON AFRICA.*

MMR. SELOUS'S extremely interesting book on South (or, as he prefers to say, South-East) Africa consists of two parts, which are by no means unconnected, but which are addressed to somewhat different audiences, though not a few individuals may be willing members (as we confess we are) of both. The first three-fifths of the book uninterruptedly, and almost the whole of the last fifth, consist, for the most part, of pure hunting adventure. The remainder, extending to rather more than a hundred pages, gives an account of the origin of the British South Africa Company's Mashonaland expedition; of the expedition itself, in which it need hardly be said Mr. Selous acted the highly responsible part of guide and scoutmaster through an entirely pathless country some hundreds of miles long, of which nobody but himself really knew anything, and where the expedition was constantly exposed to the very considerable chance of an onset from Matabele impis. Then it tells of the settlement in the Promised Land and the subsequent difficulties with the Portuguese. This part is, of course, of very great interest and of no small moment politically, and we need not say that very high importance is to be attached to everything that Mr. Selous, a man of unrivalled knowledge, as modest as he is brave, and of great natural shrewdness, may choose to say. We shall only observe that he seems to hold something of a brief for the Company, that he is avowedly one of those who have come under the magnetism of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, that he had himself too much to do with the affair to be a witness quite as unbiased as he is well informed and honest, and, lastly, that he confesses with the utmost frankness an old and still rankling grudge against Lobengula in a certain matter called "the sea-cow case," which may be read here. In this matter it does seem to us that the son of Moselikatse (whom we are here bidden to call Umzilizazi, as we are to call Matabele "Matabili," "Mashona" "Mashuna," and other things in accordance with the rather silly pribbles and prables of fashionable transliteration) did undoubtedly "extortion" Mr. Selous. Nor have we the slightest doubt that the Matabele King is a "harbitrary cove," and as little regardless of the lives both of his subjects and others as if he were Chaka himself. Further, we think that Mr. Selous did a great thing for England, if England has the common sense to profit by it, when he led the pioneers by that cunning way round, but not through, Matabeleland which Lobengula declared to be forbidden, if not non-existent, but which he was not quite quick enough or quite daring enough to bar. But a mixed review is an ill place for political comment, and anything of the kind that is necessary will find a better place in our political columns, where, unless "Lo Ben" once more thinks discretion the better part of valour, and can induce his young men to think so too, there is every probability that it will have to be discussed in a few weeks, or days, or hours.

There is nothing contentious or combustible about the other and larger part of the book, in which the author, resuming the story of his mighty hunting where he left it off in *A Hunter's Wanderings*, gives the chronicle of them even unto his last departure for England. He barely glances, and then without mentioning names, at the very unmannerly and ungenerous attack made upon him, at one of his own lectures, by Mr. H. M. Stanley, not long ago; but the whole chronicle is his best justification against the charge of wantonly destroying game, either of the more or less interesting description. It may, no doubt, be distressing to persons of sensibility to read of the large number of the biggest cats in the world that Mr. Selous slew; his bag sometimes reaching three lions, not at one shot, but at one "shoot," and so historically rivalling the fictitious adventures of one Allan Quatermain. But if Mr. Selous had not shot the lions, it is extremely probable that the lions would have eaten Mr. Selous, and quite certain that they would if they could; in which case it has been immemorially recognized as legitimate to take the initiative. The slaughter of elephants for their tusks and of ostriches for their feathers, of rhinoceroses that they might serve as specimens in museums, also passes muster; while we surmise that nobody, except a Buddhist, can object to the

* *Travel and Adventures in South-East Africa.* By F. C. Selous. London: Rowland Ward & Co. 1893.

The Zambezi Basin and Nyassaland. By D. J. Rankin. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1893.

History of South Africa. By G. McCall Theal. Vol. IV. 1834-1854. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

Brown's South Africa: a Practical and Complete Guide. London: Sampson Low & Co. Cape Town and Johannesburg: Juta. 1893.

Illustrated Official Handbook of the Cape. London: Stanford; Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and Johannesburg: Juta. 1893.

reasonable massacre of hyenas, who are extremely unpleasant persons in every respect. With regard to more ordinary game, it certainly does appear that Mr. Selous never shot so much as the smallest antelope except as necessary food for himself or his people, or now and then in the pursuit of his profession as a collector. And as for mere exploits in pluck and woodcraft, neither the late Gordon Cumming nor the living Sir Samuel Baker could afford to give him any points. It is interesting and agreeable, too, to find that he, the deadliest enemy of lions, distinctly relieves the king of beasts from the reproaches which some sportsmen have heaped on him as something little better than a large, rather cowardly, and very mangy dog with powerful jaws, who would rather not fight, if possible, and has little dignity or pluck. Mr. Selous justifies Landseer as to the lion couchant position, and the ancients as to other points. His adventures are mostly with beasts, except that little legal difficulty with Lo Ben, a few others with minor chiefs, and one extremely awkward affair across the Zambesi in Barotseland—where Mr. Selous left both men and goods, and where almost any one who had not been born to be the pioneer of England elsewhere would have left his life.

As Mr. Selous is, in a manner, the champion of the "British South" Africa Company, so Mr. Rankin has his Company, the "Central," by which he swears; while his swearing in reference to Mr. Rhodes's association takes quite another form and preposition. He is very angry with the Chartered Libertines at Cape Town and Fort Salisbury, and still more angry with Mr. Commissioner Johnston. And he inveighs against them all at the end in such a wild and wonderful lingo that we really must give a specimen of it:—

"Notwithstanding that this company possesses in other parts of Africa considerably more territory than their funds admit of their developing, it appears to have been considered necessary, in the interest of the shareholders and for the encouragement of the investing public, to endeavour to acquire further large tracts of territory in our new protectorate. Finding that the ordinary method employed by British subjects in acquiring property was too extended and tedious, the possibility of consummating their object through abnormal powers acquired from the Government would naturally commend itself. Certain proceedings, among which was the influencing, by weight of his position, many of the native landowners from exercising their undoubted rights of entering into land transactions either to purchase or sell with any European but himself, should certainly require some explanation. Could they possibly be intended to debar any Europeans or others from being able to compete in open market with the company from whom he received the subsidy, thus enabling it most expeditiously and cheaply to acquire for its shareholders the most suitable tracts in this region?—ignoring the palpable fact that, if such operations were enacted, they were wholly contrary to the most superficial commercial justice, and, by discouraging local enterprise, tended very seriously to the detriment of the colony."

It will be seen that the Central African Company which, according to Mr. Rankin, is going to carry peace and plenty into North Zambesi, whether Mr. Johnston and Mr. Rhodes like it or not, is not exactly happy in its defender, if he be regarded as a wielder of the pen; and, truth to tell, reading Mr. Rankin is not a very engaging employment. He has seen a good deal; he seems to have some power of observation, and if, as he says, he discovered the Chinde mouth of the Zambesi, he did something. But, as will have been seen, he does not in the least know how to manage the English language. He uses "amnesty" as if it were a co-extensive synonym for "arrangement" or "compromise," he speaks of a boy escaping unhurt from a crocodile as "one of the many tragedies daily enacted in this country," and he gives us the really remarkable information that "The rank vegetation rose three feet above our heads, cutting like knife blades. Even our thick leather boots did not escape." From one point of view this suggests the idea of a vast tropical sausage-machine from which it were impossible that Mr. Rankin should have escaped; from another it may be asked whether Mr. Rankin's thick leather boots usually grow three feet above his head. This strange awkwardness of phrase is matched with a very singular obscurity of chronological and other arrangement, and aggravated by constant attempts to indulge in the exaggerated jocularity or jocular exaggeration which some schoolboys and many Americans think funny. We are sorry to have to speak thus of Mr. Rankin, who might have been a valuable witness for the free-lances against the chartered Companies, and to whom we are indebted, as it is, for some not valueless information, gathered with much pains from his book. But he really need not have made the gathering so painful.

The fourth volume of Mr. Theal's valuable and monumental

History of South Africa—or at least the Cape Colonies—has, it seems, taken its present form partly by reason of the admission of its author into the luckless but goodly company of Newton and Carlyle and others who lost their MSS. by fire. His original history of the Cape Colony at this time thus perished last year, and he has now availed himself of the falling out of print of an earlier work of his on the "emigrant farmers" (for so Mr. Theal rather teasingly persists in calling the Boers) to remould this with the other history into a general one. It is not at present our purpose to discuss this volume of Mr. Theal's minutely; we will only say that it exhibits his old qualities of immense patience in giving kite-and-crow detail, together with his faculty of making it readable by clear, if not very spirited, narration. The period covered by the volume is important rather than interesting. Hardly any single event in it catches the imagination or the memory much. But it was at this time more than ever that the Boers got into their tough minds the notion that England would stop at no injustice in order to indulge the missionary craze as to the equality of black and white men; and it was at this time that the fatal policy, not of letting them go handsomely in peace, but of trying weakly to keep them in order, and then "backing down," came into favour.

We were able heartily to praise Mr. Samler Brown's *Madeira and the Canary Islands*, and we can speak no less heartily of his *South Africa*. It is not at all a big book, but it is thorough and to the point, and will, we should imagine, provide intending visitors, and intending emigrants in their earliest stage, with almost everything they can reasonably require. It is arranged on the alphabetical principle, and the information is given with remarkable clearness.

If any one wants more, he has but to go to the *Official Handbook*, which is now a portly octavo of nearly six hundred pages, abundantly illustrated, very well arranged, and divided into sections, written by divers experts under the general editorship of Mr. John Noble.

NOVELS.*

MR. (Miss, or Mrs.) M. A. Bengough has an interesting story in *In a Promised Land*, and tells it very well. Two girls brought up in a mission school belonging to the Primitive Gospellers are selected by the Committee of the institution as wives for young members of the sect who are at work in the Gospellers' settlement at the Cape. Bridegrooms and brides meet for the first time at the altar, all four being about equally ignorant of the world and its ways. The fervid high-souled Sarah finds herself united with a most excellent young Philistine, whom she is incapable of properly appreciating till time and suffering have brought to her a more adequate comprehension of the relation between dreams and facts. There is considerable ability shown in the portraiture of this couple, but it is in the other pair that the chief interest of the book centres. The frivolous and pretty little Mattie is given to a passionate young missionary for his destruction; he is a man with a Kaffir strain in his blood in whom flesh and spirit are ever at mortal strife, in such sort that he no sooner quits his exalted mysticism and high emotional enthusiasms than he straightway falls into gulfs of gross animalism. In delineating him the writer rises from mere careful description to the borderland of the realms of creation; he succeeds in giving us an extremely impressive presentation of a man in whom all the soul's finer impulses are destined to make his agonies and damnation the more terrible and complete, when once the restraints grafted upon his native savagery by civilization and education are swept away with his shattered ideals. The chief fault we have to find with the book is that the writer seems to have yielded against his better judgment to a feeling that a novel must be made interesting by sensational incident and adventure of the conventional type; hence we have an omniscient and impossible villain inflicted upon us, and observe the minister seduced into illicit diamond traffic by methods as improbable and uninteresting as his motives are inadequate.

The favourite diversion of the young persons described by Miss Connor is "putting the question"; they do not flirt or make love—they merely propose, and the equality of woman is ably demonstrated by allowing her to have a full share of the

* *In a Promised Land*. By M. A. Bengough. London: Bentley & Son. 1893.

The Heart's Awakening. By Marie Connor. London: Chapman & Hall. 1893.

Through Another Man's Eyes. By Eleanor Holmes. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1893.

The Maid of Fleet. By George McKeand. London: James Blackwood 1893.

initiative in this innocent pastime. *The Heart's Awakening* seems an inadequate description of a state of things in which that interesting organ is in a state of perpetual insomnia. Miss Delilah Manifold is, perhaps, most in need of a soporific. At eighteen this beauteous daughter of a country baronet gets herself engaged to a peasant's son who has "been to Oxford University," and addresses her as "Miss"; throwing him over, she accepts an earl, and announces the fact to her mother "in a whisper thick with suppressed delight," by the elegant phrase "I have him!" As a married woman and mother, she makes overtures to her old love (now a parson), and flings herself into his arms within an hour of learning the tidings of her young husband's death. This she does "with the frank pleasure of a child"; but the hero, who is used to this sort of thing, having previously attracted a demoniacally lovely heiress by his fatal purity, sternly rejects the innocent little thing, and proceeds to keep company with her sister. Delilah thereupon promptly marries another; but, though he is specially created for the purpose, we are not told who did the asking. One changeling, one murder, an English baronet who says "bejabers" and "bedad" when the author remembers that he is "remotely of Irish extraction," various curious ideas about mortgages, some slipshod English, "a little susurru of whispering," and an absolute lack of reality about any single incident and character will be found in *The Heart's Awakening*.

Through Another Man's Eyes is a book which we seem to have read some scores of times under various names and with slight (but now forgotten) differences in matter and manner. It is the average later-Victorian novel as written by the well-meaning young lady of the period. Miss Eleanor Holmes tells us, in grammatical language, of the wooing of the noble and virtuous Magdalen Dumaresq by a noble and virtuous Colonel; of a well-dressed villain who lives, after the fashion of the well-dressed villain in fiction, on somebody's secret; of a forged will, a parvenu family, a person of title, and the usual appurtenances. The book is as inoffensive as it is insignificant.

"Sir Patrick Kirk had fell in love with Lillian," otherwise known as *The Maid of Fleet*. Catching her hand, he remarked, "Fairest of all thy sex, I love, madly love, and if you will not own my love, then, then, I am as a weeping willow." This assertion touched the Maid; but her heart was set on McDuff. "McDuff was a man of promise, poor though he be. Sir Patrick was not so manly, nor so noble, nor so fair to gaze upon. And not only this, but something about Ronald McDuff seemed to draw the water of love from out the well of her heart. What could that something be other than her love for him?" On Ronald the effects of the tender emotion are not less remarkable. "His eyes leap in their sockets, his heart within its shelf." Ronald and his friend Graham were much together; they "talked and wiled the time away in scenes beyond the sea. It interested Graham, for he was a man of culture." The man of culture "a few nights hence had the honour to overtake Lillian homeward bound," and thus expressed himself:—"McDuff loves you, has loved you for years; loved you when in his youth tending the flocks upon you flowery braes, but now, with time, it has more stronger grown." Pressed as to how he came by this information, he explained:—"Actions louder than words doth speak." That is evidently so. Ronald goes to meet Lillian, and is observed by his rival. Sir Patrick "gazed with eyes on fire with rage, and thought he, 'McDuff is after Lillian.' At this thought he stepped forward to McDuff, and said, 'Sir, you trespass; these lands are private to such as you.' 'Whom do you intend to insult?' retorted Ronald, boldly. At this Sir Patrick withdrew, and sought his way to Cally. Ronald went to meet the Maid of Fleet. When they met it was a rush, and Ronald, with outspread arms, received her to his bosom. They spent the night under a large beech-tree." We incline to think this is the work of a boy of ten, an opinion which we base both on style and matter—armies of "robbers" in Africa, shutting up the heroine in a lonely castle, the disguises of the hero, &c.; it has possibly been published as a joke.

MR. LELAND'S MEMOIRS.*

WHO shall decide how far a man is justified in writing his own recollections? An active and stirring life; a prominent place in politics or in war; a life successfully spent in scientific research and discovery; an honourable position in literature, science, and art; a life of adventure and travel; any one of these entitles undoubtedly a man to write his own memoirs. Or a man, himself of small or ephemeral reputation, may gather

* *Memoirs*. By Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann). 2 vols. London: Heinemann. 1893.

together memories of greater men than himself, whose society he has enjoyed. Or a man of no great account may so far exaggerate his own importance as to think the world eager to learn where he was educated, who were his forefathers, and by what steps he achieved his imaginary greatness. Or, again, a man may frankly say that a faithful portraiture of a human soul, even of apparently small importance, cannot be without its uses. Any of these excuses may be made for an autobiography. If the work produced is pleasant and amusing and exciting, any of these excuses will be accepted. When a man, indeed, has a good tale to tell about himself; or when a man knows that his life will be most certainly written after his death; and when such a man reflects upon the thousand and one interesting things about himself which he alone knows, and upon the other thousand and one things which will certainly be told wrongly or imperfectly, or so as to produce an impression opposite to that which the subject of the memoir desires, it is only wonderful that every man—literary, political, or artistic—who engages, or thinks that he engages, for himself, any portion of the attention and thoughts of his fellow-creature does not at once, and while there is yet time, sit down to write his reminiscences and his memoirs.

Mr. Leland's excuses, conveyed in an introduction, will be readily and even gratefully accepted. He has a long story to tell the world; but it is amusing and interesting from beginning to end. That the story is mostly about himself is proclaimed on the title-page; but the everlasting first person singular irritates the reader much less than in most autobiographies. He was born, he tells us, and has lived, in a time "when railways, steam-boats, telegraphs, gas, percussion-caps, fulminating matches, omnibuses, evolution and Socialism"—not socialism which was with us before Hans Breitmann came among us—"were unknown to the world." In other words, since the nineteenth century did not really begin until railways and steamboats, and lucifer matches and gas, were all in full blast, the writer of these Memoirs can remember the eighteenth century itself. He was born, in fact, in the year 1824, in an old colonial house of Philadelphia. Those who have seen the Massachusetts State House at the Chicago Exhibition will understand what kind of house it was. In those days there were still living "oldest inhabitants" who could remember the Red Indians bringing skins and baskets for sale on market-days; there were still negro witches and sorcerers in the city—it was with a double meaning that an African church in Philadelphia had an inscription over the door:—"Those who have walked in Darkness have seen a great Light." In those days, Mr. Leland says, Philadelphia was a beautiful city in which every house had its own garden, with magnolia, honeysuckle, rose, and vine; with oriole and humming-bird; whose river was filled with great sturgeon; where nightly order was still kept by the watchmen who cried the hour and the weather. Philadelphia, with its broad avenues, its rows of great houses, and its comparative quiet, is still perhaps the most beautiful of all American cities, but the gardens and the humming-birds are gone. In the winter myriads of reed-birds used to come down the river to be shot by the boys—why is not the reed-bird brought over here? He is, as Mr. Leland truly says, as delicate and dainty as an ortolan. In the year 1830, when the child would begin to observe and remember, there were still living men who had fought in the War of Independence—Mr. Leland's grandfather was one of them. In 1835 he shook hands with Thomas Hughes, aged ninety-five, the last survivor of the Boston Tea Party; and he can remember Charles Carroll, the last of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Philadelphia was a bad town—the United States was a bad country—in those days, for a bookish lad. People "regarded a knowledge of arithmetic as forming nine-tenths of all that was most needed in education," while "indulgence in a taste for general information, and literature especially, was glared at with a very evil eye as tending to injure a practical business man. . . . The position of the literary man or scholar was in the United States not an enviable one." Mr. Leland tells a curious story about a man who had collected a library of old and rare books. People smiled with pity when they spoke about this library. "They say," a lady told young Leland, "that his books are all *old* things, which he did not buy at any first-class stores, but picked up at old stalls and second-hand shops at less than their value; in fact, *they did not cost him much*." In those days the millionaire American was unknown; a fortune of 10,000, or 50,000 dollars, was considered sufficient to enrol the owner among the moneyed aristocracy of the city. Having achieved this amount, the lucky merchant—needless to say, it was not the lucky *littérateur*—was entitled to start a carriage and pair. Pianos were not allowed in the Quaker households; but, as a compromise, they admitted musical boxes. In the matter of dress, since the feminine heart continually craves for finery, a

red ribbon was allowed; but it must be red, and no other colour was permitted. Mr. Leland speaks of the fireflies which formerly illuminated the gardens at night; but have they disappeared? Further north, in the park of Albany, there are still plenty to be seen when the sun goes down. What books had the studious boy in the Thirties? Cooper, Campbell, Byron, Washington Irving, Mrs. Trimmer, "The Poetical Epitome," the *Faerie Queen*, Cottle's *Alfred*, were some of them. And he went to the school kept by a person whose life was reviewed in these columns a few weeks ago—"the Tedious Archangel"—Bronson Alcott. The boy's real reading only began when he obtained a share in the Philadelphia Library, which then contained more than 60,000 volumes. It is pardonable in the writer to dwell lovingly and with natural pride on the glorious gluttony with which a bookish boy plunges into a big library. Old English, old French—he found a black-letter Villon and made him out—modern English, modern French, metaphysics, Rosicrucian stuff, mystic stuff, and Heaven knows what besides. It is not an entirely new story, every bookish boy who can get access to a library can recall the same story about himself; but it is pleasant to read. When in his sixteenth year the boy was sent to a kind of coach to be prepared for college. Here a French master asked him what he had read in French. "La Pucelle d'Orléans and the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, the 'Confessions' of Rousseau, the poems of Villon, Charles of Orleans, and Clotilde de Survile, and more or less of Helvetius, D'Holbach, and Condillac." He was entered in due course at Princeton University, then in the hands of the strictest Presbyterian theologians.

We have devoted so much space to the early days—which are, perhaps, the most interesting—that the remaining three-fourths of the book must be passed over rapidly. Moreover, it is never fair to tell the story. In the year 1845 young Leland, being then twenty-one years of age, first came over to Europe. He came in a sailing-ship from New York to Marseilles. One of the passengers was Mrs Fanny Kemble Butler, who afterwards described the voyage in a book called *A Year of Consolation Abroad*, and did not speak to a single soul on board during the whole voyage. How he roamed about Italy, and became a student at Heidelberg first, and at Munich afterwards, and at Paris to finish with, and joined in the Revolution of 1848, so far as to fight on the barricades, may be read in these pages. He returned to America at the end of 1848, and quite naturally embraced a literary life. This was interrupted by the Civil War, in which he took part, enlisting in an artillery company. When the war was over three or four years more of literature and journalism in New York followed; there Hans Breitmann, by this time as well known here as in America, came to Europe for a stay of ten years. And here we leave the book to the reader.

There is one remark which must be permitted, even to the critic who finds this a most pleasant and instructive and entertaining work. It is a general remark. The greatest virtue, perhaps the only virtue, possessed by literary men is that they cannot bear to present the exact bare naked Truth. Their modesty, which is a much more sensitive and delicate possession than is found among other men, will not allow them to contemplate without blushing the bare limbs as they come dripping from the well. Therefore, in no case will a literary man—it is the touchstone by which he may be proved—present Truth until he has dressed or decorated her, and, therefore, set her off and improved her. The loveliest nymph shows best in lovely robes. Therefore, the reader of these Memoirs, from time to time, involuntarily utters words of gratitude for Mr. Leland's "improvements."

SODOR AND MAN.*

OF the sixteen or more Diocesan Histories already published by the S. P. C. K., the volume before us, though dealing with the smallest Anglican diocese, will probably meet with the largest number of readers; for a good many people go to the Isle of Man, and, though a visit there is not without its drawbacks, they do wisely, for the island is well worth seeing. Many, too, who have never gone there have read enough about it in various books, from *Peveril of the Peak* downwards, to wish to know more of its history; and of this few do know much, while its ecclesiastical history, except during the episcopate of Bishop Wilson, is probably a blank to most of us. Mr. Moore will be found a thoroughly capable instructor, for his book is evidently

written from a full knowledge of its subject; indeed, we have only discovered one inaccuracy in it, and that concerns civil rather than ecclesiastical matters. He has worked as far as possible from original authorities, and gives references to them in his footnotes, which are more numerous than in other volumes of the series, and sometimes longer than is advisable in a book of this size and character. His diligence is highly praiseworthy, and he has told us many things that are worth knowing, and are difficult to find elsewhere. At the same time, he has not presented the results of his researches in a particularly pleasing form; he has overloaded his pages with extracts from documents, and has too often given us raw material which he should have worked up for us. And, though the reproduction of the original spelling may sometimes lend piquancy to an extract from an old record, whole paragraphs written in this way, and with such contractions as "eccl. gov," are tedious reading, specially where the substance of the extract might be given in far fewer words, and its exact form is of no special interest or importance.

Mr. Moore begins by telling us that the early ecclesiastical history of Man "is shrouded in as dense a mist of myth and tradition as its early secular history," and even when he comes to later mediæval times his painful industry has failed to construct anything like the continuous narrative that has been possible for other writers in the same series. He sets before us the traditions concerning the evangelization of the island, and from these all that can be gathered with some degree of certainty is that Man was included in the Columban Church, and that the Church there, as in other places evangelized by the Irish missionaries, was ruled by abbots, and was subject to Iona. The numerous remains of *keels*, or cells, still existing in Man seem to show that at the period during which the teachers of the Celtic Church were Culdees, and lived as recluses, they resorted much to the island. But whatever the ecclesiastical system may have been that prevailed there in these primitive times, it was wiped out by the Scandinavian conquerors, and a new one after the English pattern seems to have been introduced in the first half of the twelfth century by King Olaf, who had been brought up at the English Court. With his sanction, the Cistercian convent of Furness planted a colony at Rushen in Man, and with the foundation of this house we begin to be on surer ground; for from the monks of Rushen come the earliest contemporary notices of the affairs of the Manx Church. While we have the names of two or three earlier bishops of Man, one of them being a certain Wimund, a warlike and debonair prelate, who was consecrated by an archbishop of York, the diocese does not appear to have been settled until, in 1152, the see was placed under the archiepiscopate of Drontheim by Pope Eugenius III. After recording this event, Mr. Moore discusses the title "Sodor and Man," and points out that the ancient Scandinavian name of the diocese of the Kingdom of Man and the Western Isles of Scotland was Sodor, *Sudr-eyjar*, or the South Islands, in contradistinction to the North Islands, the Orkneys and Shetlands; that Peel Island, where the bishop had his see, was also called Sodor from the name of the diocese; and that, when in process of time it was forgotten that Man was part of Sodor, both names were used in the episcopal title, though Man was separated from the other Sudreys in the fifteenth century, when certain bishops were appointed for the Scotch islands only. The first half of the thirteenth century was marked by cathedral organization. This was the work of Bishop Simon, who began the building of the cathedral church of St. German, and established a chapter. His chapter, Mr. Moore thinks, merely consisted of nominees of the convents of Furness and Rushen; for at that time the bishop was himself elected by the monks of Furness out of their own body, though the election was subject to the approval of the King and the people of Man, and the abbot and convent of Rushen. In the next century the right of election was recognized by Pope Clement VI. as belonging to the clergy of the cathedral, though, as was the case with the adjacent kingdoms of England and Scotland, the Popes occasionally took the matter into their own hands by reservation or otherwise. Meanwhile the island itself had passed, first to Scotland, and then to various successive lords or "kings," under the suzerainty of the English Crown. The obedience of the see was transferred from Drontheim to York in 1458. The chief characteristic of Manx ecclesiastical history is the extraordinary power exercised over the people by the Church, or we may almost say, during the Middle Ages, by the monastic communities in the island. The seven spiritual barons, the bishop, and six heads of religious houses, held a large portion of the land, and had temporal as well as spiritual jurisdiction. Mr. Moore expresses surprise at finding that a Franciscan house was founded in 1373 by an Earl of Salisbury, then

* *Diocesan Histories—Sodor and Man.* By A. W. Moore, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Author of "Manx Surnames and Place Names" &c. Published under the direction of the Tract Committee. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1893.

"King of Man," who was a violent Lollard, and tries to suggest a possible reason for his action. Surely, however, he must have confounded William de Montagu, Earl of Salisbury, and Lord of the Isles of Man and Wight, who died in 1397, after having sold Man and its golden crown to Sir William Scrope, with his nephew and successor in the earldom, John de Montagu, described by the St. Albans historian as "Lollardorum fautor, et imaginum vilipendor, contemptor canonum, Sacramentorumque derisor," who was beheaded in 1400.

The overweening power of the spiritual barons was resisted by Sir John Stanley in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and a long quarrel ensued between the ecclesiastical and civil authorities in the island, which took a new form after the dissolution of the monasteries. In Man the dissolution was effected by the arbitrary action of Henry VIII.; for the English Act of 1539 did not apply to the island. After the dissolution, the spiritual laws, first reduced, as it seems, to writing in 1610, vested extensive jurisdiction and privileges in the bishop, who was "the Baron of the Island," the clergy, and the inferior ecclesiastical officers. On this matter Mr. Moore writes very fully, and indeed the discipline administered by the Church and its disputes with the State are, as he says, the salient points of the history of the diocese during the earlier part of the seventeenth century. The offences against morality and good order, of which the ecclesiastical Courts took cognizance, were many, and the penances or punishments imposed on offenders severe, though far more frequently of a humiliating than a specially painful kind. The pillory in one form or another was a constant instrument of punishment, and in cases of slander the tongue of the guilty person was "bridled" in a fashion that must, to say the least, have been extremely uncomfortable. Moreover, there were fines and imprisonment in a vault in Peel Castle, and women of notoriously evil life were "to be drawn after a boat in the sea during the Ordinary's appointment." In spite of this discipline and of constant disputes about tithes and other dues, the people were attached to the Church. They were strongly conservative, were slow to discontinue the practices condemned by the reformers of the sixteenth century, and appear to have by no means been hostile to the clergy in the Commonwealth time. During the period immediately succeeding the Reformation the bishops were generally non-resident, and for the most part careless of their diocese, though Bishop Phillips, who was consecrated in 1605, was an admirable prelate, a strenuous upholder of the rights of the Church, and, considering that he held other preferment in England, a diligent pastor. He translated the Prayer-Book into Manx, and ordinarily preached in that language. The Puritan rule having, according to Isaac Barrow, whose statements Mr. Moore thinks exaggerated, had many evil effects both on the clergy and the people, Barrow, who was at once bishop and governor, set himself to bring the Church into a better condition, and among other good deeds succeeded in increasing the incomes of the clergy. These were miserably small, the vicars of five out of the seventeen parishes receiving less than 10*l.* a year apiece. Barrow was an able man, a thorough disciple in the school of Laud, rigorous in his treatment of the Quakers, and careful to maintain and enforce ecclesiastical discipline. With this system of discipline the name of the excellent Bishop Wilson is usually associated in, as Mr. Moore believes, a rather unfair way. For Wilson simply carried out the discipline that had been handed down to him from his predecessors, and rather sought to mitigate than to increase its severity. One reason why he is sometimes held responsible for the system no doubt is that, believing that this discipline was necessary to the well-being of the people, he framed constitutions for its administration. Moreover, his action as regards discipline was brought prominently forward by the opposition which he had to meet. This opposition did not proceed from the people at large, but mainly from the Governor and Council, and when the Bishop suffered imprisonment rather than betray the rights and liberties of his Church, the people flocked from all parts to receive his blessing from the window of his cell, holding him "not only as their faithful pastor and unwearied benefactor, but as the champion likewise of their political rights and liberties." Mr. Moore's account of the episcopate of this eminent man has been carefully compiled from manuscript sources and from the publications of the Manx Society, as well as from the *Lives* by Keble and Cruttwell, and, though necessarily short, exhibits a very complete picture of the Bishop's work and character. The diocese had another good bishop in his successor, Mark Hildesley, who caused the Bible to be translated into Manx, and a new translation to be made of the Prayer-Book. Even in Wilson's last years, when old age had robbed him of his earlier vigour, the character of the clergy began to show signs of deterioration. Things became worse in this respect under Hildesley, and worse still under his immediate successors, who seem to have done little for their

diocese. Mr. Moore gives a satisfactory sketch of the general reformation effected in the diocese by Bishop Murray, of the relations between the Church and the Wesleyans, of the influences that affected the religious condition of the people, and of the decay of the old system of discipline, and devotes his last chapter to a general view of the progress and condition of the diocese during the last sixty years. His volume is furnished with a convenient map of the island, exhibiting, among other matters, the boundaries of the parishes and the Abbey lands. On the other hand, there is no index, and not even a list of the bishops of the diocese, both which omissions are, in our opinion, reprehensible.

MORE ENGLISH FAIRY TALES.*

A MORE entirely satisfied editor than Mr. Joseph Jacobs we already, he is "happy to say," established itself "as a kind of English Grimm." Mr. Jacobs is to be congratulated; but is his remark not of the kind which is better left to disinterested critics? He has taken English tales, "some from the Lowland Scotch," and on this matter he expects diversity of opinion. Lowland Scotch is only English in a philological sense. The characters of mankind on either side of the Border vary in certain ways. If Mr. Jacobs called his book "Scotch and English Tales" all would be well. But it would hardly be so well if he published the *Border Minstrelsy* as "English Ballads." Perhaps even Mr. Jacobs can see this. The versions of ballads which are found in England are scarcely poetry, speaking generally, while the ballads found north of the Marches are truly poetical. Some such difference may exist in tales; at the least nothing is gained by calling a story from Morayshire an "English" story, even after it has been diversely bedevilled. Mr. Jacobs has "rewritten" most of them, and in doing so has adopted the traditional English style of folk-telling (*sic*), with its 'Wells,' and 'Lawkamersey,' and archaic touches It is very kind of Mr. Jacobs to besprinkle Scotch tales with "Wells" and "Lawkamerces," out of his own archaic head, if he has done so; and if he has refrained, why has he refrained? Because Scotch is not English of the "Lawkamersey" variety. We have no reason to complain when Mr. Jacobs cuts the tales about as he pleases, because he is not producing a volume of folklore, but a book for children. Every one may tell a child any story in the way he prefers; Mr. Jacobs thinks he can improve on tradition, as tradition has reached him. Perhaps he can; we may ourselves dislike the Jacobean "Lawkamerces," and other private variants, but it is to children that he appeals. He aims at "the filling of our children's imagination with bright trains of images." The traditional versions, perhaps, did something of that sort before Mr. Jacobs came trailing clouds of "Lawkamerces." Of course we cannot use Mr. Jacobs's book as "folklore" without reserve, just as his German rival Grimm must be used with reserve, just as we can only treat Mme. d'Aulnoy's fragments of real tradition cautiously. But his affair is to produce a story-book for children, not to write scientifically. If he wrote scientifically, he might not say that, in the opinion of the *Saturday Review*, "a tale probably originated where it is found." The *Saturday Review* does not pretend to offer any conjecture as to the place where a tale "originated." The time and place of origin are lost in prehistoric antiquity, as a general rule. People who think that all tales, or most tales, come from India suppose themselves to know something about the place where tales "originated." We know nothing of the matter, and do not expect to know.

Mr. Jacobs "knows the way of story-telling as she is told [*sic*] in English at least as well as a Devonshire or Lancashire peasant." Possibly he does. But if any peasant anywhere tells tales thus—"Not to mention that Mamma must needs sit up and keep watch and ward over baby's cradle, or there'd have been a big ugly rat running across the poor little fellow's face"—then we rejoice that neither Perrault nor tradition tells tales in the manner of Mr. Jacobs. When he comes to the story (a form of *The Pied Piper*) he tells it acceptably; it is "Mamma" and "baby" and a kind of modern twang (perhaps an archaism) that seem to us out of keeping. "Hereafterthis" appears to be told as Mr. Jacobs received it. As he retains the word "vitty" without knowing of his own knowledge what "vitty" means, he has probably kept by his original here; nor do we observe that he has introduced a bright train of "Lawkamerces." These contribute so much to the pleasure of a narrative that we fail to see why they are not added, as much as why "vitty" is kept in all its native obscurity. And if "vitty" is kept, "though Heaven it knoweth what that

* *More English Fairy Tales.* By Joseph Jacobs. London: Nutt. 1893.

may mean," why should the *Black Bull o' Norroway* be "Anglicized"? Not that it might not have been more Anglicized, for the kind of child who talks of "Mamma" and "baby" may not know what a "bannock" is, or the meaning of "Yon's for you." "The Old Un," for the Deil, is an example of Mr. Jacobs's doings. We prefer the Deil; he is quite as archaic as "the Old Un," and perhaps not more vulgar. If "bannock" remains "bannock," it is not easy to guess why "kirk" should become "church," nor why "nippit fute and clippit fute" should be altered into "hacked heels and pinched toes." The Scotch ballad of "Tamlane" is expurgated and levelled down into an "English Story," and loses its enchantment in the process. However, Mr. Jacobs gives his authorities in his notes, and these can be consulted by the pedantic. Mrs. Balfour and Mrs. Gomme are to be congratulated on their success as collectors. As a book for children, Mr. Jacobs's volume deserves all praise, and his illustrations, by Mr. Batten, are very pretty and pleasing. We have expressed our opinion as to his "Old Un," and similar graces of style, and were we about to present a child with a book, we might prefer Mr. Robert Chambers's book, where Anglicizing is not the fashion. The insular versions of *Cinderella* are seven in number; one is Irish, the rest are Highland or Lowland. No English version has been discovered; the question is, Why? Perhaps the fact that the English are not Scotch may have something to do with the comparative absence of *romantic* folk-tales in England. "The Buried Moon," on the other hand, is extremely romantic in a kind of German way, and was collected by Mrs. Balfour in Lincolnshire. We know nothing like it, except a moon story in Mr. Romilly's book on New Guinea, and here the only resemblance is the discovery of the moon, buried. If Mr. Jacobs had given his tales with the mere announcement that he told them after his own fantasy, criticism could say little but good of his book. But his science, so to call it, is rather out of place here; and draws attention, not always favourable, to his voluntary variations. Happily, children care for none of these things, and he, or she, who gets this pretty volume is a lucky child.

CONTEMPORARY SCOTTISH VERSE.*

THIS is a most attractive little volume, well printed and arranged, and containing an excellent portrait of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. The works of sixteen contemporary poets are given, and among them Sir George Douglas figures himself. For appearing "in person" the editor relies on the indulgence of his readers; that indulgence will be extended to him, if only for having collected the works of the other fifteen authors. No editor of a collection of poetry which does not include the whole of the works of any given poet can ever escape the question asked, by critic and reader, why certain pieces are included while others of obviously superior merit are excluded? Or why so much space has been granted to the effusions of those poets who are more known from the frequency of their appearances in the corner devoted to poetry by the daily press than for the merits of their verses? In this class we would place Professor Blackie and Mr. J. Logie Robertson. Of the first, "The Death of Columba" and "The Song of the Highland River" would have been sufficient specimens of fair doggerel. Of the second, we must say that there is a little too much of a very good thing, vernacular versifying. It is pleasanter to notice the real gems with which this little book is studded. We will not pick them out, but let the reader have the pleasure of finding them; suffice it to say that Mr. Lang, Mr. Stevenson, Dr. George MacDonald, and Professors Veitch and Nichol carry off the laurel crown. We are somewhat disappointed with the selections made from the works of Alexander Anderson, Surfaceman. He has done better work than any representing him here; a poem published in his first volume, and called, if our memory serves us right, "The Dead Skylark," should not be omitted from any collection where Anderson's works appear. The vivid reality of "Nottman" reminds us of a poem by the same hand on the Tay Bridge disaster. To our knowledge it has never been published; but Sir George Douglas would have done well had he secured it for his collection. "Jockie," by Professor Veitch, will appeal to the salt of the earth, they who know dogs and are known by them. Sir George Douglas attaches in his preface a good deal of importance to "the vernacular"; he seems to wish that more poetry should be written in that form. We have our doubts on this head; what Burns has done once for all, it is well not to copy. The vernacular means a more limited audience, and if the poetry is good, that is a mis-

fortune. But when Sir George Douglas says that unless written in the vernacular the poets do not show their nationality, that they are only Scottish from "the accident" of their parentage or their birth upon Scottish soil, we are at direct issue with him. In this volume there are verses written in the purest English, but which could only have been written by men who own a Scottish descent, and who have inherited Scottish sentiment. And among this class we give "Jockie" as a fair specimen. No one could doubt that it is written by a Scot, and that Jockie was a terrier whose Scottish descent was untainted by any Saxon breed. "The Self-Exiled," the well-known work of Dr. Walter C. Smith, written many years before Mr. Kipling's "Tomlinson," is interesting as touching on the same ground, and in the comparison Dr. Smith comes off with credit. Sir George Douglas might easily collect a companion volume to the one he has now edited, containing his omissions and extending somewhat his range; but we are grateful for this measure of good things, and trust for further instalments.

ROYAL HANDWRITING.*

WE are constantly hearing of new ways of telling people's characters. There are the marks and lines on the hands. There are the bumps on the skull. There is the countenance itself—by far the best, and indeed, in most respects, the only way. But if you cannot obtain or make an opportunity of seeing the hand, head, or face of the "patient," you may, perhaps, judge by his writing. It cannot be a certain, an infallible criterion, still it is quite possible to form a very fair judgment, if not actually of his mental and moral character, at any rate of his nerves, his taste, and the state of his health. The letters of artists are very tell-tale. You see plainly in one that the writer can never attain greatness in his profession, or that he will never learn to draw or compose correctly, but you cannot tell whether he has an eye for colour. In another hand you see clearly reflected the feeble character of a man who is unlikely to get on in life. But when it comes to judging of old writing, the case is very different. There are in existence in England many hundreds of manuscript Bibles, written by different monks in different monasteries, but all within a few years towards the end of the thirteenth century; and it is impossible even for the most practised eye to detect any difference in the writing. But, up to that time and later, it was rare for a layman to be able to write. All the Saxon kings signed their innumerable "Codices Diplomatici" with a cross. "King Cadwalla," says Mr. Hardy, "in one of his charters expressly states his own inability to write, in words which, when translated, read—'With my own hand, on account of ignorance of letters, I have made and written the sign of the Cross.'" This was in or about 680. It is not till the time of Richard II. that a regular succession of Royal signatures commences, though, as Mr. Hardy remarks, we always hear of King John signing Magna Charta, and see him in a tent "scrawling his name with a quill pen of regal length." The first approach to a royal signature is appended to a document granting a pension to an old soldier. But, instead of the Black Prince putting his name to the grant, he writes in a minute hand, within a cartouche or oval, like that of an ancient Egyptian king, the two short mottoes which we see on his tomb at Canterbury:—"Houmout: Ich Dien."

Royal scholarship must have made rapid progress when once it began to improve, for though the writing of Richard II. is like that of a School Board child of seven, Henry IV., his successor, and Henry V. could both write a fairly legible letter; but it is not until the reign of Henry VIII. that we recognize good penmanship from a Royal hand. After the Reformation it became fashionable to cultivate elegant writing. Lady Jane "Graye" wrote a beautiful hand, as did Anne Boleyn. But in a family where Henry VIII., Edward VI., and the two unfortunate ladies just named, all wrote well, Queen Elizabeth excels the best of them. The great characteristic of her script is not its dignity, its force, its conscious pride, its beauty and completeness of form, but its ease. It is neat, light, and firm. The Queen in writing was evidently exercising a facile accomplishment, not a laborious task. In some respects it resembles the writing of her cousin, Lady Jane, but is far more decided and vigorous.

James I. had evidently never been trained like his predecessor, but his Queen, Anne of Denmark, shows in her writing the artistic taste which led her to employ Inigo Jones, and establish him in the Royal service. It is full of character. Charles I., at different stages of his career, wrote in three different styles at least, showing, however, in all some of his mother's

* *Contemporary Scottish Verse*. Edited, with an Introduction, by Sir George Douglas, Bart. London: Walter Scott. 1893.

* *The Handwriting of the Kings and Queens of England*. By W. J. Hardy, F.S.A. London: Religious Tract Society. 1893.

turn for art. While he was a boy he wrote a hand very like that of the boy King Edward VI.; beautifully neat, and not without elegance. Later on his writing is something like Queen Elizabeth's, but not so firm or so certain. After that, when troubles were gathering round him and the tragedy which ended his reign and his life was nearly played out, he used a running hand; clear enough, but not beautiful, and betraying here and there a tremulousness unknown before. The great Protector's character does not appear in his writing. It is irregular, uncertain, ragged, and shaky. He adopted the letter *e* which was about that time much used by law scriveners, and having used it and the *r* of the same period, which resembles our modern *w*, for part of the letter Mr. Hardy has reproduced for us, he reverts to the older fashion before he has done. His signature as Protector is that of a man advanced in years, although he was only fifty-nine at the time of his death. Charles II. wrote well, and some would see in his hand the love of ease, and even the sensuality of his character; but it may be safely doubted if any such qualities would be apparent if we did not know the writer's name. The rest of the Stuarts and all the Georges wrote very commonplace hands. Queen Mary's is curiously like that of her father, James II. William III. puts an expression of strong will and determination into his signature, which, strange to say, has much in common with that of the great Duke of Wellington. Mr. Hardy gives some interesting engravings of the writing of Queen Victoria at different periods, and it must be allowed that the signature to the Coronation Oath is astonishing in its dignity and force. There are many interesting points in this work for which we must refer the reader to the book itself; and Mr. Hardy has not encumbered his facsimiles with too many notes.

ARTS AND CRAFTS.*

IT is with no desire to derogate from the various essays contained in this pleasant volume that we commend Mr. Morris's preface as the gem of the whole. Here, in very brief space, with admirable reserve, the poet of *The Earthly Paradise* gives us his view of the conditions of art-enterprise in England at this moment. No one has a better right to speak; no one has himself done more to give momentum and direction to all that is best in such enterprise. Mr. Morris's tone in this prefatory delivery differs in some degree from what we have been accustomed to receive at his hands. To be sure, it is from his pupils rather than from himself that we have listened to those violent jeremiads over the badness of all modern products, the vileness of all nineteenth-century taste, and the uselessness of further effort. Mr. Morris knows too much, and sees that he himself has done too much, to indulge in such claptrap. Still, he has hitherto taken a very dark view of our artistic future. It is, therefore, by no means a small concession that he should admit that this is "a time when the Arts are perhaps more looked after, and certainly more talked about, than they have ever been before, and the beautifying of houses, to those to whom it is possible, has become in some cases almost a religion." These words actually occur, it is true, in the essay of one of his most prominent and faithful disciples, but they are strictly in unison with Mr. Morris's own somewhat vaguer admissions. They, at all events, show a disposition to acknowledge the existence of a revival which it would be affectation to ignore, and which, as every one will admit, owes no little of its character to Mr. Morris himself.

But the reformer is not satisfied with this tendency to the beautifying of life. He is of opinion that little has yet been done beyond the awakening of an artistic conscience. Many conditions in our modern life, he thinks, tend to stultify and to confuse this revived animation in taste. Mr. Morris says:—

"The very fact that there is a "revival" shows that the arts have been sick unto death. In all such changes the first of the new does not appear till there is little or no life left in the old, and yet the old, even when it is all but dead, goes on living in corruption, and refuses to get itself put quietly out of the way and decently buried. So that while the revival advances and does some good work, the period of corruption goes on from worse to worse, till it arrives at the point when it can no longer be borne, and disappears. To give a concrete example: In these last days there are many buildings erected which (in spite of our eclecticism, our lack of a traditional style) are at least well designed and give pleasure to the eye; nevertheless, so hopelessly hideous and vulgar is general building that persons of taste find themselves regretting the brown brick box with its feeble and trumpery attempts

* *Arts and Crafts Essays.* By Members of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society. With a Preface by William Morris. London: Rivington, Percival, & Co.

at ornament which characterizes the style of building current at the end of the last and beginning of this century, because there is some style about it, and even some merit of design, if only negative."

This paragraph, it appears to us, is not only courageously and plainly worded, but offers to the listener who sits at the feet of our latest aesthetic philosophy an unusually direct statement of faith. The apostles of modern beauty have two enemies to fight against—nay, three; for there is not merely the amorphous and tasteless negation of art, and the stiff, traditional bad art, to be contended with, but also that eclecticism which Mr. Morris plainly sees to be so great a danger to our revival of the beautiful. From "lack of a traditional style" who is to deliver us? In all the arts, in literature as much as in architecture, it is now our most insidious enemy, and who shall say that Mr. Morris himself has successfully fought with it?

This, then, we take it, is the text of the useful essays bound up in this volume. They form a combined attempt to show how the hideous and the conventional in art alike may be avoided without falling into a merely imitative and loose antiquarianism. The position, as Mr. Morris admits, is not what it was forty, or even thirty, years ago. The lack of beauty in the decorative part of life is no longer, as it was from 1820 to 1850, absolutely ignored. It is now "recognized by a part of the public as an evil to be remedied if possible." The misfortune is one essential to democratic forms of life; it results from the fact that the majority of mankind, who now require to be consulted, and will take no dictating from their betters, possess no general sense of beauty on which a reformer can act. It is a minority, and a minority which finds it more and more difficult to be heard obediently, which alone is cognizant of the laws which govern beauty in design or colour. Mr. Morris is a poet, and treats politics from a poet's standpoint, or the inconsistency of preaching Socialism on one hand and an aristocratic exclusivism on the other might strike him so forcibly that we should lose many charming and stimulating ideas. Ästhetic philosophers, from Shaftesbury downwards, have never been expected to be consistent.

The remainder of the volume is tied together by these prefatory remarks, and we are led to see running through the essays the central idea of an organic art of decoration, founded upon beauty, and aiming at the exclusion of what is bad and what is obsolete. The unanimity of the school, however, is disturbed by a new element of disorganization. Hitherto, in their manifestos, we have seen the army which Mr. Morris commands fighting the Victorian gimcrack and the Georgian "brown brick box"; unfortunately a foe has now appeared on the opposite side, and the Impressionists come forward "loudly proclaiming their enmity to beauty." It is to stem these converging streams of hostility that the members of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society have drawn their forces together; and we recommend to all who are interested in a most pressing problem of the age to see what it is that they have to say for themselves.

The essays are brief, and in the main they are technical. That essays on such subjects should be written at all, and that the guise of literature should be given to them, is a curious evidence of the self-consciousness of all art in the present generation. Until now it would have been thought as extravagant as to write a serious disquisition on the mode of sweeping a chimney or of stitching on a button, to treat cast-iron or carpenters' furniture with the solemnity of a critical study. But, since this is to be done, it is only right that the best authorities should undertake it, and no one but will listen in silence when Mr. Morris discourses of textiles, of printing, and of dyeing, if only for the pleasure of hitting upon such a delightful piece of education as the following:—

"Never forget the material you are working with, and try always to use it for doing what it can do best; if you feel yourself hampered by the material in which you are working, instead of being helped by it, you have so far not learned your business, any more than a would-be poet has who complains of the hardship of writing in measure and rhyme."

If George Herbert had made carpets, he would certainly have woven them in this spirit.

An affecting interest gathers around the essay on "Mural Painting," by Mr. Ford Madox Brown, which was published almost on the very day when that eminent veteran in mural painting passed from us. The sense, and even humour, with which Mr. Madox Brown has expressed his views and experience make it almost a matter for regret that he kept so closely to his own art and never came forward as a teacher. The primitive practice of *sgraffito* work is treated with precision by Mr. Heywood Sumner, whose essay is followed by one on "Stucco and Gesso," by Mr. G. T. Robinson. The ancient stucco-duro

is, unfortunately, almost a lost art. It was greatly admired by Sir Henry Wooton, who remarks that the stucco-worker "makes his figures by addition, and the carver by subtraction." At one time a portion of the process of stucco-duro was lost; but there seems no reason now why it should not be re-introduced to take the place of coarse pargetting and modelled plaster in modern houses. Mr. Robinson makes a very capital suggestion when he says that many of our highly-trained young modellers, for whom the art of sculpture spells starvation, might make an excellent living by turning their attention to gesso and stucco.

Mr. W. A. S. Benson discusses the artistic aspect of metal-work, and Mr. Lethaby has the courage to defend cast-iron, although he admits that it is nearly the humblest material we can use. He points out, however, in the face of Mr. Ruskin, that until the end of last century it was frequently employed as a substitute for bronze in a way which was by no means devoid of beauty. In the church of Frant are to be found several cast-iron grave slabs, with shields and lettering, which are effective and not without refinement, and houses of the late eighteenth century were often provided with graceful balcony railings and staircase balustrades of this derided material. The great point is to attempt no more than "a flat lattice-like design, obviously cast in panels," so that there should be no pretence that the substance is other than it is, and so that the forms may frankly adopt the characteristic softness and dulness of the material. Mr. Lethaby is very ingenious in devising artistic uses to which iron might properly be put, and adds that "at no other time and in no other country would a national staple commodity have been so degraded."

Miss May Morris, whose handiwork has been so often and so justly admired, contributes three essays on the arts which she practises, those of embroidery, needlework, and the colouring of textiles. People who toil at patchwork may be cheered to find their labour thus dignified with historical criticism:—

'The ingenious patchwork coverlets of our grandmothers, formed of scraps of old gowns pieced together in certain symmetrical forms, constitute the romance of family history, but this method has an older origin than would be imagined. Queen Isis-em-Kheb's embalmed body went down the Nile to its burial-place under a canopy which was lately discovered, and is preserved in the Boulak Museum. It consists of many squares of gazelle hide of different colours, sewn together and ornamented with various devices. Under the name of patchwork, or mosaic-like piecing together of different coloured stuffs, comes also the Persian work made at Resht. Bits of fine cloth are cut out for leaves, flowers, and so forth, and neatly stitched together with great accuracy. This done, the work is further carried out and enriched by chain and other stitches. The result is perfectly smooth flat work—no easy feat when done on a large scale, as it often is.'

We have no space left to do more than recommend to the reader Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's essay on "Bookbinding," Mr. Reginald Blomfield's on "Book Illustration" and on "The English Tradition," Mr. Selwyn Image's on "Designing for the Art of Embroidery," and Mr. Alan S. Cole's on "Lace."

THE TRUE STORY BOOK.*

HAVING delighted young people the last three Christmas-tides with Fairy Books, Blue, Red, and Green, Mr. Andrew Lang produces this season a book of true stories—by way of experiment, it may be, and not necessarily as a precedent to be observed in future seasons. *The True Story Book* is not the result of any yearning appeals to the editor from youthful readers of the Fairy Books. On the contrary, as Mr. Lang remarks, they are clamorous for more fairy stories, which is an extremely natural proceeding on their part. Nor are the treasures of fairy lore exhausted by the editor—very far from it, indeed—nor is he in the least disposed to be off with the old love, despite this present approach to the new. Let us note what Mr. Lang has to say of the matter. He observes that it is "not without diffidence" that he offers *The True Story Book* to children—to children, moreover, who are clamouring for a different kind of book. Then Mr. Lang frankly owns that "true stories are not so good as fairy tales." Why, then, has he compiled this collection of true stories? It is certainly not with any didactic object, with any notion of "doing good" to children, or of providing something corrective, or alternative, of the effects of a prolonged course of fairy stories. Mr. Lang, it is needless to say, is inspired by no such vain and superfluous sentiment. He energetically disclaims any intention to impart history, or any other kind of learning,

under the disguise of entertainment. There is, it is true, a good deal of history in the book—Mexican history from Prescott and Jacobitish history from various sources—but it is not the kind of history from which examiners would draw ingenious questions to set in their papers. Mr. Lang claims to have mixed his stories so cunningly that it is impossible to obtain from them a clear and consecutive view of history. All of these claims and admissions of Mr. Lang are unquestionably true. Yet we are as far as ever from the reasons that led him to step aside from the more delectable way he had pursued, unless they are dimly perceptible in the remark that, "though fiction is undeniably stranger and more attractive than truth, yet true stories are also rather attractive and strange, now and then."

The True Story Book comprises many admirable things, with some less admirable. There are narratives of adventure and wondrous escapes from perils; abstracts of history in its most romantic aspects; "true relations" of travellers and seamen, and what are put forth as true relations that are suspect indeed. Then there are stories of ancient and modern heroism—the story of Grace Darling, told with excellent force and pathos by Mrs. McCunn; the tale of Isandlwana and Rorke's Drift, which Mr. Rider Haggard tells with rousing effect; the story of the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*; and the "greatest deed of arms ever done," the fight of Leonidas and his three hundred, admirably told by Mr. Lang. The longest story in the book—the "Adventures of Cortés"—is an abstract from Prescott, executed with skill, and told in animated style, by Miss Wright. With the editor's declared preference for this historical tale we are heartily in agreement. It is "the most unlikely and the most romantic" of all true stories. But the whole of the *Conquest of Mexico* glows with romance. Very well done, by Mrs. McCunn, is the abstract, from Bishop Forbes, of "Prince Charlie's Wanderings," a true story that should be not less popular with ardent young people than the adventures of Cortés and the history of Montezuma. Other stories of kindred interest we have in Mrs. Lang's narrative of the Chevalier Johnstone's escape from Culloden, and in the editor's story of the adventures of brave old Lord Pitsligo, a hero of another type altogether. Strange among these narratives of peril and stern endurance of calamity is the appearance of the "Story of Kaspar Hauser," told by Mrs. Plowden, here cautiously described as picturesque rather than critical. Some of the stories, also, that deal with piratical exploits seem to us not particularly attractive of their kind, nor altogether desirable in a book for children. As with other stories, there are good stories of pirates, and bad or unappetizing stories. *The True Story Book*, in short, is somewhat oddly constituted, and its contents are not only so mixed as to baffle examiners in history, but they present a somewhat bewildering medley. There are all kinds of stories in the book, and the miscellany is apparently devised on the principle that there are all kinds of children to be gratified. For example, we must own to having read Mr. Lang's story of "Two Cricket Matches" with something of a throbbing pleasure, yet we question if children will delight in it. Nor can we imagine that many children can possibly enjoy reading about Kaspar Hauser, however picturesquely the legend of the Nuremberg foundling is put before them. Some young persons may read this "true story" only to ask, like a modern sceptical child of the century-end, "Is it true?" Now all children delight in Fairy Books, and they will not be perfectly content until Mr. Lang gives them another. *The True Story Book* will, we do not doubt, one of the most popular of Christmas books. But, just as "true stories" are not so good as "fairy tales," this book is not so good as the *Blue Fairy Book*, or the *Red*, or the *Green*. Happily Mr. Lang is perfectly aware of what is expected of him when next he undertakes to furnish stories for children, and he reveals nothing less in his dedicatory verses to this new True Story Book:—

In Fairyland the Rightful Cause
Is never long a-winning;
In Fairyland the fairy laws
Are prompt to punish sinning.

For Fairyland 's the land of joy,
And this the world of pain,
So back to Fairyland, my boy,
We'll journey once again.

For our part, we shall rejoice when Mr. Lang returns to Fairyland after "this excursion into the actual workaday world." Like its fairy companions, *The True Story Book* is very well illustrated, Mr. Lockhart Bogle, Mr. H. J. Ford, Mr. Lancelot Speed, and other artists contributing some spirited drawings.

* *The True Story Book*. Edited by Andrew Lang. London: Longmans & Co. 1893.

Skelton's MARY STUART.*

THE publication of this sumptuous volume on the ever-popular subject of Mary Stuart is a fresh proof that public interest in this ill-fated Princess never lessens. Mr. John Skelton's share in the work, although somewhat subordinate to the numerous reproductions of authenticated portraits of the Queen of Scots and her contemporaries, is, nevertheless, important, since it is formed in part from inedited material; but it is essentially as *un livre de luxe* that we must consider this noble memorial of a Queen whose romantic vicissitudes have fascinated posterity quite as much as the beautiful woman herself did her contemporaries. The pictures are undoubtedly the chief attraction, and Mr. Skelton's text must necessarily take the second place. It is due to him, however, that the selection of pictures has been confined entirely to those concerning the authenticity of which there can be no doubt whatever. We miss the Blair College picture of the Queen in the robes she wore on the morning of her execution, and its omission is, we think, an error. It is true that it was painted possibly by Sebastian Curl or from one of his sketches, some months after the Queen's death, but it contains many curious details which only an eye-witness could have noted. It is certainly more valuable than the engraving from the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, reproduced towards the end of the book, which contains in its corners four small views of the martyrdom of the Queen, of which larger editions will be found in that curious book—nearly contemporary—the *Theatrum Crudelitatum Hæreticorum*. With this sole omission the illustrations are all that can be desired. It will be observed that there are no portraits given of either Bothwell or Rizzio—for the simple reason that none which can be relied on as genuine exists. Of the Queen herself, we have in the first place a marvellous coloured reproduction of the miniature by François Cluet (Janet) in the collection of the Queen. The fidelity and brilliance with which this has been copied by a new process are quite beyond praise.

The two Cluets, father and son, were ignorant of the art of painting on ivory, and used parchment, on to which they traced the drawing from a sketch invariably taken from life. If we compare this miniature with the sketch, *à la sanguine*, by Cluet, of Mary Stuart as a young woman, and of which a surprisingly exact reproduction is given in Mr. Skelton's work, we shall soon perceive that in the miniature the only changes regard the pose—very slight—and the costume. In a word, the sketch evidently served for the crayon part of the miniature. There is no need further to question the beauty of Mary Stuart after studying the lovely features and the exquisite colouring of this priceless little picture, which, if we err not, was found many years ago in the drawer of a tortoiseshell cabinet, together with a lock of golden hair, which were the property of Charles I. An inscription in that King's well-known hand authenticated them as having belonged to his luckless grandmother. The *grisaille* portrait, also given of Mary Stuart as a child, shows us a noble-looking, growing girl of fourteen. It is reproduced from the Chantilly collection of drawings by Cluet, purchased recently by the Duc d'Aumale from Lord Carlisle. The portrait of the Queen as widow of François II. is from the *Bibliothèque Nationale*. The face is more mature and the expression is sorrowful, but it represents a very beautiful young woman, whose exceedingly graceful carriage is noticeable in all these absolutely unquestioned likenesses. We have a fine portrait of Catherine de Medicis, also after Cluet—not so characteristic as the miniature at Vienna, but only a photograph, so to speak, of a sagacious-looking woman, who was much less detestable than is usually believed. It is regrettable that a portrait of Antoinette de Bourbon is not included, for this excellent and pious lady certainly influenced Mary Stuart for the better at a most impressionable age. From her she received her high notions of Christian piety, resignation, and charity, and possibly also her freedom from bigotry. There is a portrait by Cluet of this Princess, if we remember correctly, at Chantilly, and another used to be in the possession of the late Marquise de Montessus de Ruilly, *née* de Bourbon *Condé*. It is probably now in the possession of her niece, the Marquise de Chaumont-Quitry. The likeness of François II., also by Cluet, represents a fine lad, with a prematurely vicious face. The miniature of this sketch, a splendid work by François Cluet, is now in the possession of the Dowager Lady Freake. It also has the same wicked, pouting, and sinister expression. There is a feeble look of youthful depravity in the sketch of Charles IX., whom Catherine de Medicis herself declared was not so intelligent as "mon pauvre François." We can easily believe her after contemplat-

ing the likenesses of her charming sons. The chubby face of Henri III. as a baby even has a knowing look which is not reassuring. It was to this sixteenth-century re-incarnation of Heliogabalus that Mary Stuart wrote her last letter, at three o'clock in the morning before her execution, of which a perfect facsimile is given from the original, belonging to Mr. Alfred Morrison. Much more pleasant to contemplate is the pretty Marguerite de Valois as a little girl. Henri II. has a better expression than his sons, and that is paying him no great compliment; and it must be remembered that photography itself is not more cruelly accurate than a drawing by either of the Cluets. An engraving of the Cardinal of Lorraine and a portrait of the Balafré close the series of French portraits of contemporaries of Mary Stuart. We miss Chastelar and Brantôme, of whom authentic portraits exist. Of the Scotch and English contemporaries of Mary Stuart, we have excellent engravings of Queen Elizabeth after Zuccero at Hatfield; of Cecil from the same collection; of Edward VI. from the collection of Mr. Hucks Gibbs; of Moray from Holyrood; of Maitland of Lethington from the collection of the Earl of Lauderdale; of John Knox from the picture at Calder House; of the cenotaph of Darnley at Windsor, and of Morton from the collection of the Earl of Morton. Throughout the volume are introduced with great effect a number of charming little reproductions from scarce engravings of views of cities and palaces in France, Scotland, and England, associated with Mary Stuart, as they were in the sixteenth century. As a work of art, therefore, this volume reflects the greatest credit on Messrs. Bousod, Valadon, & Co., who are so well satisfied with the enterprise—the demand for the volume already exceeding the supply—that they promise us a companion work on Queen Elizabeth. Possibly it was in deference to Mr. Scharf, who has, it is said, a book in hand on the portraits and relics of Mary Stuart, that Mr. Skelton has scarcely mentioned them at all, and has instead confined himself to writing a fair and eloquent history of the Queen, which, by reason of its excellent type and condensation, is much more likely to be read attentively than the majority of the voluminous lives of this Princess, which are generally in very small print and overburdened with details. If Mr. Skelton sheds no fresh light on the enigmatical history of Mary Stuart, his graceful and sympathetic style will surely meet favour with all true Marians.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Prince of Nassau-Siegen (1) is one of those figures who fit across the historic page and leave no great mark on it unless some great historian takes a fancy to them. If Macaulay or Carlyle, if even Mr. Froude, had devoted an essay to him, he would, we think, have had a better chance than this conscientious and not uninteresting, but somewhat uninspired, volume will give him. But it was worth doing, even though its appearance at the present moment may be uncharitably suspected to have had something to do with the outbreak of Russomania in France. If any Englishmen have any idea about Nassau-Siegen at all, it is probably in connexion with the great siege of Gibraltar, where he served very bravely, only to be involved in the considerable discomfiture which came on those who "daured meddle" with General Elliot. Both before and after this he did remarkable things in the character of what his biographer indulgently calls a "paladin," though, being an honest man, he admits that, if anybody likes, the title of "condottiere" would have been at least equally applicable. Representative of one of the few branches of the Nassau family which reverted to the Roman Catholic faith, the Prince had a good deal of French blood, and some French property, including a principal château, Sénarpong, in Picardy, whereof we are told that, like a typical *grand seigneur* of the late eighteenth century, he caused two towers to be battered down by the gunners of his legion for the amusement and instruction of the ladies. Having served as a mere child under Castries, he embarked at twenty with Bougainville's expedition, and "conquered the heart of the Queen of Otahite." Not quite so difficult to conquer, by all accounts, the heart of the Queen of Otahite. He also killed a tiger (*lege leopard*) at the Cape, and on his return to Paris became a famous duellist and shot, astonishing his contemporaries by killing twenty head of game in two hours with a duelling pistol. Before his adventure with the red-hot shot at Gibraltar he had commanded a legion in Normandy, and had made at least one false shot at Jersey. But the peace between France and England deprived him of employment in the West,

* *Mary Stuart*. By John Skelton, C.B., LL.D. London, Paris, Edinburgh, and Glasgow: Bousod, Valadon, et Cie. 1893.

(1) *Le Prince Charles de Nassau-Siegen*. Par le Marquis d'Aragon. Paris: Pion.

and his marriage with a rich and amiable Pole (though it does not seem to have kept him by any means by her side) may have given his mind an eastward bent. He sojourned first at Vienna (where for the greater part of his life he had legal difficulties about his German possessions, or what should have been his), then went to Poland, and there drifted into the friendship of Potemkin (let us thank Providence and M. d'Aragon that the latter does not call him "Patioumkin"), and the service of Catherine. He was much with the Prince de Ligne at this time, but soon obtained the command (with Paul Jones, another adventurer of a different type, with whom he did not get on at all well) of the Russian fleet, and achieved some brilliant successes in the fighting about Oczakoff. That matter settled, he was transferred to the Baltic, and did a good deal more service against the Swedes. Then the Revolution, directly or indirectly, brought eclipse on him. He served for a time as Catherine's representative with the Emigrés, but the falling apart of France and Russia, the two Powers for which he had what may be called a condottiere's patriotism, kept him unemployed during the considerable remainder of his life. There was talk at one time of his being generalissimo of Venice in its moribund days, at another of his heading an invasion of India *via* Samarcand to succour Tippoo Sahib. But the fact was that the day for soldiers of his sort was done. The men with the batons in the knapsacks on one side, the genuine national leaders of national armies who opposed the French tyranny on the other, made *grand seigneurs* adventurers obsolete. He "fell soft," however, having recovered his German property, or an equivalent for it, and received large donations from Catherine, and at last he died, soon after his wife in 1808, at his estate in the Ukraine, leaving a characteristic eighteenth-century bequest of dowry to two young girls every year who should plant and tend flowers on his tomb. He must have aged early, for the very striking frontispiece here, after a portrait painted when he was forty-five, makes him look at least twenty years older.

The combined fertility and excellence of Mme. Henry Gréville's (2) production of novels grows more and more remarkable. Unlike most very voluminous producers, this lady seems to take fresh starts or "lines" as it were from time to time, and this enlivens her work not a little, though the penalty of her enormous "output" (she is now, if we mistake not, well past her fiftieth novel), of course, has to be paid. It lies not in the brain of man or woman to write fifty full-length novels, each of the highest excellence and distinction. But it is seldom that Mme. Gréville produces an unreadable book, and it is her wont in each of the lines or batches to which we have referred to produce something a good deal "by ordinari." *Aurette* was, we think, the last of these. *Un vieux ménage*, in the same way, starts a line, and starts it well. The story is that of a couple, who would hardly be called "old" in England, since the husband is not fifty and the wife not forty, but who have some twenty years' standing in matrimony. They pass for a model pair, the wife being—though still very beautiful—of immaculate virtue, and the husband (though leading the ordinary life of a Frenchman in club and society) apparently devoted to her. In fact, however, they have for some time fallen apart, owing mainly to the husband's fault, and perhaps a little to certain domestic details of French manners which facilitate such estrangements. A stroke warns M. Fontenoy not to mistake fifty for twenty, and might reunite the couple but that Mme. Fontenoy's jealousy is aroused, and warranted, by her husband's behaviour to a certain "serpentine" lady. To this situation enter a tempter, also serpentine, in the person of a M. d'Argilesse. In the hands of some novelists the result would not be doubtful; but Mme. Gréville, with the help of an aged friend, Count Forest, an *ingénue* niece (as modern *ingénues* go), an overheard conversation with a wall between speakers and listener (an extremely dangerous place for private conversation, in the open air), and a rearing horse saves it, and the curtain falls on bowers of bliss. There is nothing remarkable in the plot; but the characters are sufficiently projected, and the dialogue is excellent.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN his *Life of John Greenleaf Whittier* (Scott) Mr. W. J. Linton misses an opportunity that does not frequently fall to a writer. The theme of his volume, we cannot but think, is inspiring. Whittier is an American poet in the sense that Lowell is American, and not, as many others are, American merely by birth within the States. Not unnaturally this aspect of Whittier, as a purely American poet, has greatly engaged American writers. Poets that are products of the soil are not common in

any country and singularly rare in the United States. American critics have been mainly employed in indicating what may be called the "native" element in Whittier's poetry. They have been attracted by the poet's political or religious enthusiasm, his abolitionism, his democratic zeal, and such characteristics as may, with more or less ingenuity, be considered racial. The field was, therefore, open for Mr. Linton to present a fresh and independent criticism of the poet and his poetry. But Mr. Linton has not been so inspired. His book is too much of a compilation. Neither by "borrowing good words from Stoddard," nor by quoting the "well-said words" of Mr. David A. Wasson, does Mr. Linton promote the desired end. If the judgment of Mr. Wasson be sound, Mr. Linton's study of the poet is superfluous. "He is," says this critic, "intelligible and acceptable to those who have little either of poetic culture or of fancy and imagination." If Mr. Linton thinks that these words on Whittier are well said, it was sheer waste of time to write a volume on the poet and his poetry. But they are very far from the truth. There is a kind of lyric in which Whittier, like Longfellow, excelled—homely in sentiment, exquisite in form and music and pathos—that scarcely comes within Mr. Linton's study. He does, indeed, mention one example, "My Playmate," but he does not quote it, nor make it, as he might, the text of his criticism, and the sufficient evidence of the divine gift of song in Whittier. Clearly he would assign such work an inferior place to the political and abolitionist verse of the poet, which he thinks finer in inspiration and power than all the poems of recent centuries written on subjects of great national importance (p. 123). The anti-slavery and war poems of Whittier are unquestionably not wanting in verve and glow; but Mr. Linton is a little excessive in his praise. The best of these songs and ballads pale their fires beside the majestic and rousing sonnets which Wordsworth wrote when England was threatened with invasion from the coasts of France.

There may be much utility for students, there is certainly considerable novelty, in setting forth the progress of architecture in the form of a chronology of the art, as is designed by Mr. J. Tavenor Perry's *Chronology of Mediæval and Renaissance Architecture* (John Murray). This volume is a date-book of architecture, comprising dates of the beginning, the various stages of progress, and completion, of the principal or the most typical buildings of the world, within the period embraced by the foundation of the basilica of St. Peter at Rome and the dedication of the present Cathedral by Pope Urban VIII. in 1626. The first part of Mr. Perry's Architectural Chronology is composed of a year-by-year chronicle of events through the centuries comprehended in the period. These events note each phase of development in the buildings cited, with the names of builders, and also mention of catastrophes, such as fire or other destructive processes. In Part II. a full index is provided, by reference to which a key is supplied to the entire historical growth of any one cathedral, or abbey, or parish church, or house, concerning which information is required. The volume is, in fact, a dictionary of dates and a book for reference. In a third part we have an index to the names of architects, sculptors, founders, and other persons named in the chronology; while the fourth part gives the authorities quoted. A useful feature of the book that remains for notice is the introductory synopsis of architectural styles and periods in England, France, Italy, Germany, &c., with examples and dates. Much time and labour must have been devoted to the compilation of Mr. Perry's volume. Much material is amassed, and it is arranged after a simple, yet effective, plan. The scheme of the work, Mr. Perry tells us, was suggested by his own needs, and tables of dates which he found serviceable in his own researches are certain to prove of value to others in the lucid and complete form they are now presented.

The new edition of Mr. E. T. Cook's *Popular Handbook to the National Gallery* (Macmillan & Co.), for which Mr. Ruskin wrote a preface in 1888, takes account of the hundred or more recent acquisitions in the Trafalgar Square galleries, and is therefore in some respects a different book from any of the three previous editions. The arrangement of this useful guide has been entirely recast, partly owing to the additions made to the National Gallery, and to the re-hanging of the pictures caused by the purchase of new works. In the forefront of his handbook Mr. Cook now places his sketches of the various schools of painting represented *en bloc* as a general introduction to the Gallery, instead of printing them as sectional prefaces to the various rooms of Flemish or Dutch or English paintings as previously. Then follows the handbook proper, according to the numerical catalogue, with its biographical and descriptive notes on the pictures, from No. 1 to No. 1391 (F. Walker's "Harbour of Refuge"). The excellent rule, as Mr. Cook well terms it, of unchangeable numbers to the pictures, which is the one fixed point in the arrangement at the

(2) *Un vieux ménage*. Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.

National Gallery, is thus utilized in practice by the compiler, and the strict numerical sequence observed by him enables the visitor to consult the book with ease and despatch. The old room-by-room system was, no doubt, convenient; but so considerable has been the re-hanging of pictures, that it was no longer deemed possible in the present edition. Perhaps, when the further extension of the National Gallery is completed, and something approaching finality of hanging is settled upon, Mr. Cook will return, in the edition of the Handbook that may then be needed, to the room-by-room treatment of the Gallery. An excellent analytical index to the pictures is given in the appendix.

Mr. Alfred T. Story's *William Blake* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) is yet another little book about Blake—there have been several of late—and the world is "still undecided," as Mr. Story says, as to Blake's "place" and "message." We fear that the world is likely to remain undecided, not being of Mr. Story's mind that Blake's genius was "almost inexplicable." The world will probably conclude that the poet's genius was quite inexplicable. Be this as it may, however, Mr. Story does not offer the world a solution, nor reveal any particular insight.

Nor does Mr. Rudolf Dircks, who edits Charles Lamb's *Plays and Dramatic Essays* (Scott), contrive to shed light on the question of Lamb's dramatic ability, where, indeed, there is not much call for light. If Lamb "was not of the stuff of which dramatists are made," what point is there in finding that Lamb "as a dramatist had fallen upon evil days"?

In the "Pseudonym" Library the short stories by "Ilse Frapan," translated by Helen A. Macdonell—*God's Will; and other Stories* (Fisher Unwin)—deal chiefly with German peasant life, and are interesting, if somewhat undistinguished. The picturesque quality in most of them, however, is decidedly agreeable.

Mr. Lang's introduction to *The Pirate*, the new volume of Mr. Nimmo's "Border" edition of the *Waverley Novels*, is interesting for its record of the many proofs the novel affords of the characteristic uses which Scott made of his local observations of scenery and people during his trip to the Orcadian isles and seas. If not of the front rank among the novels, as Mr. Lang thinks, the story is marked by a poetic inspiration not excelled by the best of them, while the incidental verse in it suggests the prime of Scott's career as a poet. The etchings to the volumes are excellent and more diversified than hitherto. The illustrations, drawn and etched by Mr. Strang, and those drawn by Mr. Bogle, are capital.

Mr. H. M. Paget, for the new "Dryburgh" volume, *Kenilworth* (A. & C. Black), has also illustrated Scott with a good deal of spirit, and some fidelity and sympathy, though the aspect of his Queen Elizabeth is needlessly archaic, and his frontispiece—of Leicester and Amy Robart—too nearly suggests that which adorns the novel in the first illustrated edition.

Those who seek sunshine and dry air in winter will surely find in the Algerian desert what they seek, and within a brief journey from England. The oasis of Biskra should content them, concerning which Mr. Alfred Pease has written an excellent little guide-book—*Biskra, and the Oases and Desert of the Zibans* (Stanford)—which contains the information visitors do most require, and good maps, plans, and illustrations. Biskra is a charming place, and has not yet become, we rejoice to know, what some would make it—an African Monte Carlo. In and around Biskra you may study almost any phase of Algerian life, from a "fantaisie Arabe" to an exhibition of hawking, as depicted by the admirable art of Fromentin. Mr. Pease, we note, writes of this hawking as occurring on the racecourse, and a "degradation of the sport." It was not difficult, some years since at least, to see the sport in the desert with a wild quarry, as only it should be seen. Mr. Pease, by the way, writes of sport as a sportsman and an Englishman should, and does not exalt the sportsman's prospects in Algeria; yet he writes as Frenchmen do when he confuses "Koubba" and "marabout" (p. 49). However, his book we can commend to all who should journey to Biskra.

From the Leadenhall Press we have various books of the lightest kind of literature. Mr. Joseph Hatton's *In Jest and Earnest* is well styled a "book of gossip," for it is made up of diversified anecdote, like the author's pleasant "Cigarette Papers," relating to the theatre, the Turf, journalism, and so forth; and to various persons of more or less distinction in public walks of life. Detective-Inspector Andrew Lansdowne's *Reminiscences of Scotland Yard* may propitiate the stern realist, since the stories, though based on genuine experiences, are not in the least like the stories of a real detective which we recall as fashionable some thirty years ago. Mr. Lacon Watson's *Stray Minutes* may pleasantly beguile an hour in the railway carriage.

Mr. Watson's book comprises the proceedings, in verse and prose, of a certain literary club, and treats of ephemeral topics with becoming lightness. *Notions of a Nobody*, by T. Theodore Dahl, is composed of brief papers contributed to the *Leeds Times*—"chips" they would be called, or "bits," in latter-day journalistic speech—and are brimful of the new humour. *The Confessions of a Poacher*, edited by Mr. John Watson, is, we believe, a new edition, though the fact is not proclaimed on the title or cover.

An Unc' Stravaig, by Cochrane Morris (Ward & Downey), is descriptive of a tour in Scotland; mildly facetious in tone, and illustrated by the author in a style as primitive as his humour.

Mr. Francis W. Moore's *Original Humorous Pieces in Verse and Prose* and *Original Plays and Duologues*, two volumes intended for recitation or performance, are published by Messrs. Dean & Son. The first-named book we owe to Mr. Moore's sense of "the difficulty of getting humorous pieces for recitation which are not already done to death." We doubt if Mr. Moore's benevolent intent will put a spirit of life into the poor reciter suffering from the dearth of lively material for his business. His book at least stirs no reciting impulse in us. Mr. Moore has done better work with his "Original Plays," some of which are smart and lively, with much briskness of movement.

We have also received *The Marplot*, by Sidney Royse Lysaght (Macmillan & Co.), new edition; the *Calendar* for 1893-94 of University College, Bristol (Arrowsmith); *Agricultural Analysis*, by Frank T. Addyman, F.I.C. (Longmans & Co.); *A Handbook for Cornwall* (John Murray), new edition, thoroughly revised, with complete set of new maps; *The Pope's Mule; and other Stories*, from the French of A. Daudet (Fisher Unwin); and a new edition of M. Alfred Suzanne's *Egg Cookery* (Newton & Eskell), an indispensable book for the household.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.—The THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL SERIES commences to-day, Saturday, October 14, at 2.0. Vocalist: Miss ESTHER PALLISTER, Pianist: Mrs. S. IVINSKI. The Grand Orchestra—Conductor: Mr. AUGUST MANNES. Prospectus of series post free, on application to the MANAGER, Crystal Palace, S.E. Transferable Serial Tickets for the Twenty Concerts—to Session Ticket holders Two Guineas, exclusive of Admission to the Palace. To non-Session Ticket holders, Three Guineas, including the price of the Seats of Concerts only. Numbered Seats for Single Concerts, 4s. and 2s. Unnumbered Seats, 1s.

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ASSISTANCE WANTED.

The under-mentioned Cases, for which it has not been found possible to raise the necessary help from other sources, are RECOMMENDED by the CHARITY ORGANISATION SOCIETY. Contributions towards their assistance will be gladly received by C. S. LOCH, Secretary, 18 Buckingham Street, Adelphi, W.C. —

1,340. The Shoreditch Committee ask for £7, to complete the cost of sending a very respectable old woman to her relations in America. She is the widow of a sea-captain, a native of Newfoundland, and came to England to keep house for a son who has taken to drink. The daughter in America is anxious to receive her, but cannot raise the money to pay for her passage. Total cost of passage, £10.

16,879. An East-End Committee asks for £3 5s. as a weekly allowance to a most respectable WIDOW, aged 60. Her husband was a member of two clubs, and had worked for one firm for 35 years. Her landlord lets her a good room at a low rent, and has given her a tenancy for 20 years. The Committee think that she should not be dealt with by the Poor Law, and wish to supplement the allowance made to her by two private donors.

17,264. A Northern Committee ask for £5 4s. to complete a six months' allowance to an old SCHOOLMISTRESS, formerly ruined by Board Schools. She is now 65, and crippled by rheumatism. Her sister and other friends assist.

16,838. £5 is required to complete the cost (over £35 in all) of attempting to raise a young WOMAN from habits of Intemperance. After two months' residence in a home in Yorkshire a sound situation was found for her. She has, however, again behaved very badly, and refuses to enter another home. It seems impossible to help her further. Her only son, a boy of fifteen, has been taken in hand by the Marine Society, and is now going to sea. A relation has contributed over £20 to the cost of the case, but she has recently died, and a balance of £5 has still to be raised.

17,495. An Eastern Committee are anxious to raise £6 to assist in sending a young man to Canada. The man, a Lithographic-stone Polisher, has long had very slack work, and it has been ascertained that he will have better chance of employment abroad. He has a wife and three children.

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MISS WOODMAN, of 13 Somerset Street, Portman Square, announces the RE-OPENING of her PREPARATORY SCHOOL for the SONS OF GENTLEMEN, on Thursday, October 5 (at the usual hour).

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